STARS' HIGH SALARIES ARE CLOSING STUDIOS

MovieWeekly

10¢

November 24
1923

Why the Screen Stars Change their Names

My Life's Mistakes by Gloria Swanson

Corinne Griffith

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

146

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Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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No. 42

Baby PEGGY visits Movie Weekly

Baby Peggy, infant screen star, and *Bernarr Macfadden*, publisher, hold a conference in the office of *Movie Weekly*.

Coming

Dimples N' Everything

She came up to the offices of the Macfadden Publications, Inc., and took off her little fur coat and just had a lovely time having her "picher took"—while we all fell dead in love with her.

Baby Peggy—the cutest kid in the universe. Do you wonder that she threw a lasso about the heart of everyone who saw her smile?

In next week's issue of Movie Weekly—the Baby Peggy issue—you will read all about this infant screen prodigy whose little dimpled smile is a veritable gold mine.

She came up to see us, and she carried away a big piece of our love, for this tiny baby girl has remarkable charm that is wholly irresistibe.

The Baby Peggy issue will be on the news stands Thursday. It will tell you everything about this wonderful child—from her tiny toes to her adorable little bobbed head.

DON'T MISS IT!

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"Life is a chance to make mistakes," says Gloria Swanson

Popular screen star tells what she would do if she had her life to live over again

By David A. Balch

YOUR first emotion upon beholding Gloria Swanson is one of surprise at her stature, for she is appreciably smaller than she appears on the screen. And your next, on meeting her, is one of real enjoyment in the cordial, half-quizzical way she greets you, as though she were striving, during those early moments of acquaintance, to place you properly among the rack of humanity. In other words, she makes a keen and honest effort to "get your number." If she likes you, we imagine, all is well. If she does not, you may leave her with the impression that she is rather "up-stage" and that an interviewer more or less means nothing in her life.

At least, it seemed so to us when we journeyed over to the Famous Players Long Island Studio and met Miss Swanson for the first time. As she looked at us, we decided that we liked her, and our subsequent conversation did nothing but confirm this opinion. If there are those who don't like Miss Swanson, we consider it their fault—not hers, for she is a very earnest, very real little person.

"Miss Swanson," we declared, as we edged into her tiny, portable dressing room that was anchored just off the set, "we heard some very nice things about you yesterday from Lois Wilson. Miss Wilson is a very warm admirer of yours."

"I was in danger of becoming the most cynical woman in the world," declared *Miss Swanson*, "until I lost my father a month ago."

Miss Swanson smiled. "Oh, Lois is a very lovely girl," she retorted. "She *would* say something like that."

"We wanted to ask you," we went on, "whether you were satisfied with life or whether you would have it different if you had your career to make over again."

Seated not a foot away in the cramped quarters we occupied, she made such immediate answer to the query as to make us suspect she was a young woman who thought deeply and seriously about life. Later, we were certain of it.

"If I had it all to do over again," she replied promptly, "I should like to get what I've got without the knocks and pain I've known in the past. I'd like to get the sweet all right, but I'd like to get not quite so much of the bitter as has been my invariable custom. I don't mind telling you that I've been through a lot in my life that was distinctly painful, and if I had my life to live over again, I'd like to avoid at least some of the unpleasantness."

She paused coolly at this, but a certain tension about her nostrils and chin warned us that she was feeling something rather keenly. She was attired in a green silk evening gown that set off the slender elegance of her figure superbly. We recalled having heard that Rudolph Valentino once commented upon her unqualified charm, and as we sat there so close to her, we understood why.

"PERHAPS," we observed, "you feel things more keenly than most people, and are bothered by matters that others don't take quite so seriously."

"It may be," she admitted. "But I've always wanted to find those in whom I could absolutely trust, for trust is to me the most beautiful thing in life."

She smiled with a little irony.

"I've made great mistakes though," she continued, "in those in whom I have trusted, and it seems that for all the love I've given out I've received only hate and ill treatment in return. After all," she added ruefully, "I'm afraid life is only just a chance to make mistakes. I've made my share of them and they've all been in people."

Her eyes had filmed suspiciously and the tension of her chin had grown even greater. We felt—we won't tell you what we felt like doing, but if you had been there you'd have felt so, too. She seemed so small, and so defenseless, and miserable.

"It almost hardened me, too," she told us honestly. "I was in danger of becoming the most cynical woman in the world—until I lost my father a month ago. This brought me back to earth and turned whatever was hard in my heart soft again. Oh, I'm so glad it happened so," she said earnestly. "I didn't want to be hard and cynical. I wanted to be happy in just my work and my children. Father's death made all this possible," she murmured softly.

WE WERE interrupted for an interval by a summons from the "set" without, where they were doing "The Humming Bird," Miss Swanson's latest picture. She left us in a flurry of scented fragrance and we followed slowly to watch her enact a scene in a drawing room with a handsome young army officer. She had, for this particular purpose, to come down a wide stairway and greet him where he waited at the bottom.

And this she did with a grace, with an air that was simply marvelous, and, as we stood there watching her, this is what we thought:

"Well, there are clever people who laugh at screen stars, who regard them as typographical errors, economic mistakes in the great scheme of things, but so help us, John Rogers, the successful screen star has got something which most clever people haven't got, and we don't care who hears us say it, either!"

Even directors, that much misunderstood species of screen genius, have something to offer us that is fairly unique and therefore tolerably valuable. It may be merely a certain force of personality, the sort of spiritual authority that makes a man an excellent army officer or a good policeman, but the point is, they've got it—which is what most folks haven't got.

Interrupting this reverie with a rapid, precise tread that was a marvel of feminine grace, came Miss Swanson to join us again and lead us into the charming intimacy of her little portable dressing room.

"Do you know," she continued, as though there had been no hiatus between our talks, "I get my great happiness in life out of my children. And it is for them that I want to provide through my own hard work. They are the answer to everything in life, and just having them is all I ask for."

"Miss Wilson told us," we said in parting, "that she knew another Gloria than that which most people know, and if you don't mind our saying so, we think that we have seen one too."

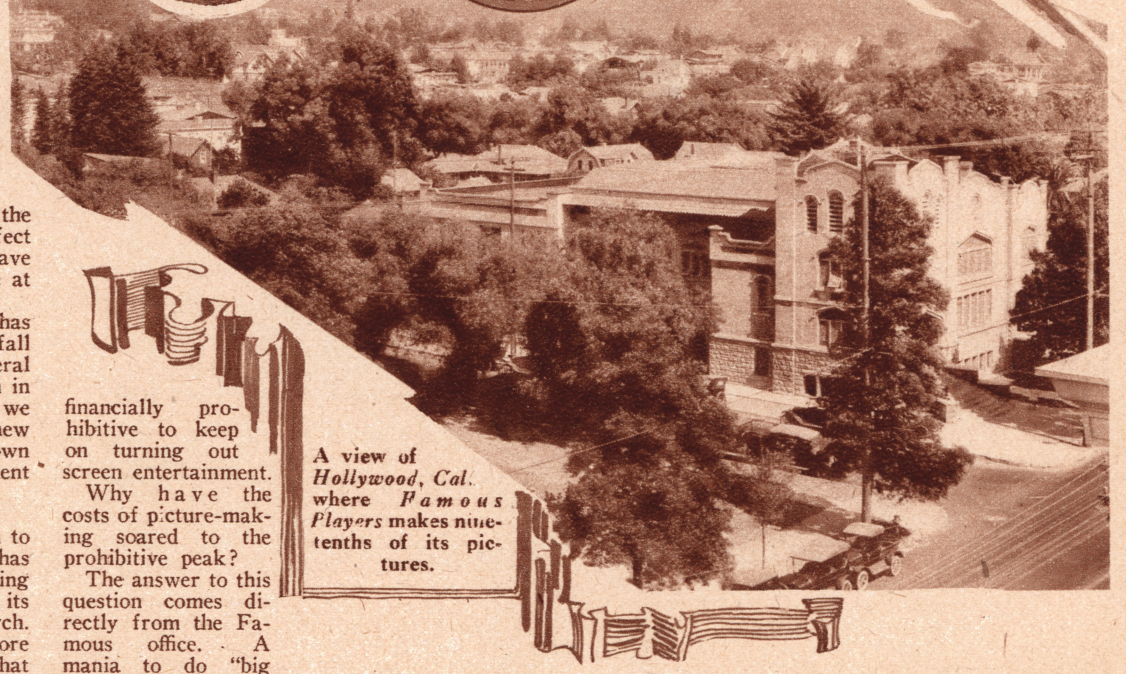
She smiled radiantly in reply, and the next instant she was back under the relentless glare of the sunlight arcs—the Gloria Swanson that the whole world knows.

Big Picture Mania Closes

Inflated production costs, says *Zukor*, induce giant film company to suspend operations—Thousands thrown out of work

By T. Howard Kelly

Adolph Zukor, president of *Famous Players-Lasky Corp.*, and the man who ordered the studio doors closed



A view of *Hollywood, Cal.* where *Famous Players* makes nine-tenths of its pictures.

WHY did the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation find it absolutely necessary to cease all production?

This is the most important and most interesting question that the fans are asking.

The magic doors to a kingdom of silver make-believe have swung shut for the richest and most powerful movie company in the world. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, whose scores of screen stars have long ago written their name high against the heavens of film fame, is locking the gates to its vast, glass-roofed acres in Hollywood, and on Long Island. Already the clamor of companies working on sets has simmered down in both the western and eastern studios to the subdued sound of five units which are completing productions. When these five pictures are finished, the Kleig lights will glare and flash for the last time this year.

A thousand and one questions, framed by the lips of anxious fans, have followed in the wake of the sensational news produced by Adolph Zukor when he gave the order which will end dozens of stars, leading players, directors, scenic artists, and thousands of "extras" on enforced vacations. Movie Weekly has investigated this matter carefully, and is in a position to furnish its readers with an accurate analysis of one of the most stupendous things that has happened in movieland during the past few years.

In view of the fact that the answer to the foregoing situation involved the possible forecasting of a great shortage of screen entertainment for picture audiences, I also made certain to obtain an authorized explanation of the manner in which the Famous shutdown will effect the supply of new pictures, when Mr. Zukor gave me his reason for ordering production to cease at once.

"The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has completed the production program for this fall that was outlined by its announcement several months ago. We are now curtailing production in our studios to the greatest possible extent and we will not resume the making of any further new negatives until production costs have come down to a common sense basis," declared President Zukor.

ACCORDING to a detailed explanation given to me at his office, Famous Players now has sufficient new pictures on hand to insure supplying theatres with movie entertainment according to its present distributing schedules until next March. By that time costs will have come down and more pictures will have been made. This means that the fans will not find their screen rations shortened perceptibly, if at all.

Mr. Zukor, in his brief statement, hits the nail on the head when he says that his organization will not produce any more pictures until production costs come down to a common sense basis. The enormous expenditures which now accompany the making of a movie have actually made it financially prohibitive to keep on turning out screen entertainment.

Why have the costs of picture-making soared to the prohibitive peak?

The answer to this question comes directly from the Famous office. A mania to do "big pictures" has been burning in the blood of nearly all directors, stars, and scenarioists ever since the advent of the first few movies which were hailed as "de luxe photoplays." Within the past few months this mania became a contagious fever. It took hold of those it affected in much the same way as a plague does.

There was nothing else for its victims to do but let the fever take its course. In doing so they tried to invest the plain program picture with all of the million dollar trappings of the "big picture."

In plain language, every director wanted to do a "Covered Wagon" picture. They all wanted to turn out elaborate productions like "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Robin Hood" and "The

Famous Players' Studio Doors

Hunchback of Notre Dame." It was a mixture of natural vanity and ambition which caused the introduction of very expensive and extravagant sets in spite of the fact that the original story or script did not call for such things. For instance, castles, great forts, tremendous mob scenes and the like were literally pulled into certain pictures by the ears in a vain attempt to give the picture the superficial appearance of being a "big" screen production.

THE cost of producing these totally unnecessary and futile swagger touches mounted steadily. Along with the general increase in production costs, which have been soaring for sometime past, the expense of the "big picture" idea made it imperative that these costs either take the toboggan, or be eliminated entirely for a period long enough to allow high-faluting prices and ideas to come back to a reasonable level.

It is the opinion of many prominent film producers that these costs must come down if the industry is to keep its feet financially. Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Corporation, followed Adolph Zukor's announcement with a statement to the effect that his organization saw the wisdom in closing down as a practical gesture toward putting the industry on a more stable financial footing by thus reducing production costs. The belief is that after several months of enforced idleness, both actors and directors will welcome work, and be glad to forget their fallacious idea that a "big picture" is made merely by squandering money on it.

In the meantime, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will be replenishing its coffers with profits that are not sliced in half by production expenses. Consequently, when costs have been brought down to a "common-sense level," to use Mr. Zukor's words, his company will be in a better position to go ahead and furnish the American screen audience with the highest type of picture entertainment demanded.

There is no attempt to infer, by the above, that Famous Players-Lasky has gone "broke," as the saying goes. According to the company's own statements, it is making money out of most of its pictures right along. Officers of the company have furnished me with figures which indicate how strong the organization is financially. But it is not practical, nor sound business policy, to keep on making movies which are costing thousands of dollars more than they should, when the rentals for these pictures cannot be increased; and there is no other way to offset soaring production costs.

To obtain a clear viewpoint of the situation, let us say (purely for example and not to give actual figures), that Famous is spending one hundred thousand dollars a week on salaries, sets and general studio expenses. This company also distributes and exhibits its own product. We will say (again for argument), that the organization receives a return of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a week on the release and exhibition of its pictures. Fifty thousand dollars profit! Now suppose the company shuts all studio doors. As long as there are films to distribute and exhibit on the original schedule, Famous Players - Lasky would be making a profit of one hundred and twenty-five thousand a week because the tremendous expense incident to making pictures would be cut out. I am allowing twenty-five thousand for office and distributing expenses. Of course, these figures are used only for illustrative purposes. However, they serve to indicate how the profits of this company will double under the closed shop ultimatum, and such a large increase to revenue means that Famous will be in a stronger position than ever to carry on its high type of movie-making when the gongs ring for lights again in its studios.

"The Ten Commandments," which vastly exceeded its original production cost.

Luncheon hour in the *Long Island* studio lunch room of the *Famous Players - Lasky Corp.*

I HAVE gone into what may appear statistical details in the above statements simply and solely to present a situation to the fans in such a manner as will convince them that the Famous Players-Lasky shutdown does not forecast any danger of curtailing the normal supply of movie entertainment. In the minds of most thinking men who have an intimate knowledge of what's going on in movieland, Mr. Zukor's move is about the best thing that could have happened to the entire film industry.

It is indeed a courageous challenge to those who have been responsible for piling up the expense of making pictures, without any regard as to values received and given. There is only one way to screen a story, and that is to follow the story accurately and sincerely. To do anything else is not screening a story at all. The fans are entitled to pictorial dramatic values, and while it is refreshing to see

(Continued on page 28)

Oh, How They Hate to Get Up—In the MOVIES

If it weren't for her last name, *Leatrice* says getting up would take all the joy out of her life.

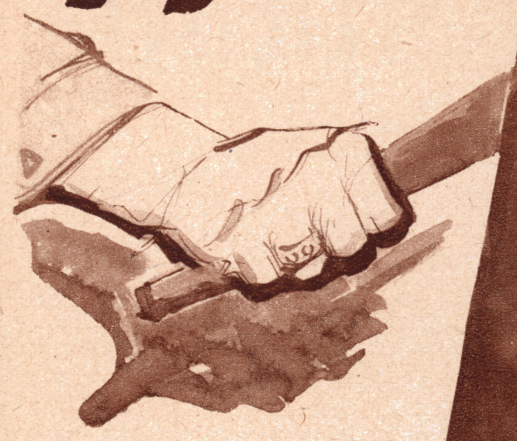
In *Ernst Lubitsch's* new picture, *"The Marriage Circle,"* *Marie Prevost* plays what you might call a "dressy" part.

It was dark and cloudy when these two members of *"Our Gang"* hit the hay. But now *Sunshine Sammy* tells little *Farina* it's time to "arise and shine." "Hee, haw," laughs the mule.

"Just married" is *Elaine Hammerstein's* first waking thought in *"Broadway Gold."* *Just* married—that's all!

If she could snatch ten minutes of rest during the day, thinks *Enid Bennett* in *"Strangers of the Night,"* she'd pick the first ten minutes after she wakes up in the morning.

"Home Movies threaten the Film Houses with Disaster!" Says Hugo Riesenfeld



Noted *New York* exhibitor says that projection of *movies* within the *home* threatens the future of *film houses*

By Thomas Tarrington

THE NIGHT when you will screen your own favorite movies in the front room is not far distant!

No less a person than Doctor Hugo Riesenfeld, managing director of the Rialto and Rivoli Theatres, believes that we will soon witness the laying of corner- stones for public film libraries which will operate upon the same principles of circulation as do the book stores where best sellers are rented out for fifteen cents a piece, with a fine of two cents for all overtime reading.

Now, Dr. Riesenfeld is no novice when it comes to experience in exhibiting pictures. He has been furnishing patrons of the Rivoli and Rialto theaters with screen entertainment ever since I can remember. He would be the last one to hint, or admit the possibility of home-screened movies if he did not feel there were strong reasons to anticipate their early arrival. Prominent exhibitors would not want to set the public mind thinking along lines which might eventually keep patrons away from their box offices, unless they realized the trend toward such a thing was already definitely at hand.

Will the advent of the film library throw a bomb into the motion picture theatre business? Will all the exhibitors have to close their doors, fire the ushers and chase the orchestras away? Won't there be any place left where a fellow and his sweetheart can spend a few hours in the dark watching somebody else's love story unfold to the strains of music?

It is my personal opinion that the home-screened movies may for a time threaten the motion picture exhibitor's business. When the home-screened picture is still a novelty the American public will most likely slight the theater for the living room. But, I do not think this will last much over the first three or four weeks.

What will a circulating film library look like, and how will it act?

Well, to begin with, maybe the corner stationery store will become the first film library. It doesn't seem reasonable that Carnegie or any other multi-millionaires can be persuaded to shell out a lot of bullion to build more libraries such as you may have in the town square, or we have on Fifth Avenue, near Forty - Second Street. In some places where drug stores sell anything from kitchen utensils to ladies' hats we may find the community getting its pictures from the druggist. But the kind of building is not important. It is the idea.

"Projection machines in the home," says *Dr. Riesenfeld*, "will soon become as common as *Victrolas*."

Little acorns from great oak trees drop, you know, so it will take some time before we reach the era of a standardized film library. But as long as there are a few extra shelves in any store it can start out to circulate the films. When such a library starts up in your home town all you will have to do is sign a card, first depositing the customary amount which of course will be returned to you when you resign as a member of the library. Thereafter you may call daily, or as many times a week as you wish and ask for whatever film you may desire to project at home. For people with Fords, and automobiles, the transporting of a five or ten reel feature home will not present as much difficulty as this matter will for the person on foot. However, the problem of getting films home will soon clear itself up.

The rest is simple. Your musical program can be produced by the phonograph, or the radio set. And, all you do is turn the projection crank and let 'er go all over the linen sheet. Nothing else but . . . stars, love scenes, adventure, dramatic moments, an' everything right in the old front parlor!

Of course the idea of the public film library presupposes the invention of a practical projection machine for home use. Dr. Riesenfeld has the following to say on this subject:

"My belief in the arrival of the circulating film library is based upon the thought that projection machines in the home will soon become as common as Victrolas and radio receiving sets. This is what I believe will surely take place eventually. After all, nothing is impossible in this age of miraculous invention," he declared.

According to him a great demand for certain types of films has already sprung up. So far this demand has been mostly for pictures which are not strictly dramatic entertainment, but it is indicative of the fact that sooner or later such pictures will be in great demand for home use.

"Clubs and other organizations are calling for geographical films, nature study films, and the like," he points out. "Medical schools are using motion pictures to supplement instruction in different surgical operations. Social units are making extensive use of health films."

IT IS THE Doctor's belief that these practical needs will increase until someone wakes up to the necessity of establishing film libraries. And then will come the incentive for someone to market a home projection machine in spite of all the force and pressure which may be brought to bear against the idea.

It is certain, he thinks, that in the next few hundred years people will turn to films exclusively to learn about the manners and customs of the early twentieth century. The World War . . . The South Sea Islands . . . and other topics which have held the attention of this generation will be screened for our posterity.

"Collecting libraries of this sort will, of course be enormously expensive—too much so, perhaps, for individual ownership, but I believe the libraries will be established by communities unless some generous hearted and far-sighted millionaires give financial aid to the proposition," declared the director of the Rivoli and Rialto.

Of course there have already been some projection machines offered to the public for home

(*Continued on page* 30)

The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

The life of a screen star is no bed of roses "Clownie" discovers upon breaking into the movie studios. Romance, however, is always lurking around the corner, as you will see when you read this seventh arresting instalment of the confessions of a well-known screen star

The story so far:

Reared in cheap theatrical boarding houses, "Clownie," the plain little daughter of a broken-down actress, came up from childhood with the great desire in her heart to be a movie star. And then she met a man—handsome and poor—who loved her and asked her to marry him. For the first time then, was presented to "Clownie," the decision that every girl must sometime make. Marriage or a screen career? Which was it to be? "Clownie" finally made her choice.

The illness of her mother makes it necessary for "Clownie" to obtain employment as companion to a wealthy woman, whose husband becomes very attentive to her. One day she asks him to send her away, threatening to expose him to his wife if he refuses.

His wife discovers that her husband and "Clownie" have been on terms of intimacy and causes a frightful scene. As a result, "Clownie" and her mother go to New York. With only three hundred dollars, they are forced to live in a cheap boarding house. Here "Clownie" meets Reggie Nye and senses trouble.

After weeks of futile job hunting, she goes to work in the aluminum department of Tracy's store. The buyer takes her out a few times and suggests that he get her a cozy little flat in the city.

"Clownie" refuses his offer. He becomes angry. For the next week "Clownie" sees nothing of him. Very soon, however, she notices that the manager of her department finds fault with everything she does. Finally she gets her two weeks' notice. Before her two weeks are up, she is put in the model kitchen as demonstrator, because she is the best-looking girl in the department. On her last day, Mr. ————, a director, comes in to purchase material for a kitchen "set" and tells "Clownie" to report to him at the studio next morning.

After a successful camera test, she is given a small "part." She does it so well that she is immediately engaged permanently in the company's stock company at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week. She and her mother set out to find an apartment.

"Failure," he said, "is easy to stand. It doesn't much harm a woman nor even a man. But success is a heady drug!"

AFTER a long struggle, the beginning of success is like the sustained high note of a song. There doesn't seem to be the variation there was to the earlier scales and arpeggios. One seems to float in a sort of ether, neutralized.

I admit that once I got my feet "set," as the saying goes, the sailing was pretty easy, pretty fair. People have said that I was a "natural born" actress, but I maintain to myself, in my confessions, that I learned slowly and painfully, but always consciously, of Life. I didn't play in stock, which is so good a way to learn, because it is varied, a little raw and cramful of experience, but all the emotions, and there were many, as you will know if you have followed my story, every one of those emotions were as definitely and as unforgettably recorded on my brain as if they had been put down in a textbook which now I could take up and read.

In that way I was, perhaps, "natural born." I was natural born *acquisitive*, that is true.

I didn't have any of the minor struggles, once the long struggle was over. I seemed, as I think I have said, to be naturally camera-wise and "set" wise. What the directors said to me was easily translatable on my face. One famous director told me that when he worked with me he felt, subtly, like the four winds playing upon a young aspen tree. Another used the more traditional simile of the master musician evoking what he will from the Strad' violin. But frankly, I *did* seem to know.

One more bad period was to come to me. One more terrible period wherein, as in a nightmare, as in some gigantic dream, a sort of a maleficent Alice in Wonderland, all the macabre figures of my Past reappeared again. That comes a little later.

When I had made my second picture, as I said, they put me in stock. Mother and I found a charming apartment and had the dear delight of fixing it up as never before had we been able to fix anything else. We hung breathless over chintzes and cushions and simple rugs and fixtures. Now I have a home "done" by the best interior decorator in the country. I sleep in a bed which has couched imperial limbs. I dine from a banquet board of kings, but no pleasure I have had from them has equalled that first home we "did" ourselves and did easily and well.

Ah, I tell you, it was like coming at long last into the Promised Land, to leave the studio at night and go home to find Mother prettily dressed, seated in our little living-room, the maid, Nora her name was, Nora all Irish and rosy, setting the long silver candles on the dining-room table and then coming to the door and saying, "Dinner is served, Miss ————"

ABOUT all we could do at that time was talk about Me, about ourselves. We had certain stock remarks, of which we seemed never to tire. After dinner we would go into the living-room and Mother would settle into the low, comfy chair bought expressly for her, and say, "Well, we always said it would be like this, and here it is!"

And I, looking about me, proud queen of all I surveyed (including Mother), would answer, "I always knew it!"

And then we would talk of my next picture and what the director had said to me and what the star of the picture had done that I, when I was starring, would do differently, and after that we would pore over all the copies of the fan magazines to see if, perchance, my name had found any mention.

The thrill I got the first time I found my picture in the "gallery" of a fan magazine! How we were able to laugh then at those first atrocities

I had had taken when I came to New York.

And the superlative thrill I got from my first interview! Of course, I was a little bit frightened. I knew that interviewers are a dangerous species and just as apt to dip their pens in vitriol as in milk and honey. In fact, Miss ————, the star of my second picture, had nearly had a spasm in Canada, when one of her interviews had appeared in one of the magazines and she had found herself described as something between the Venus de Milo and a congenial idiot. Also, so she assured me vehemently, she had been villainously "misquoted."

"The trouble with you girls is," our director had told her, "you have no sense of humor with these magazine writers. They take you too seriously because you seem to take yourselves so damned seriously."

I STORED that away for future reference and so, one day, just before I left the studio, when the 'phone rang and the ———— Magazine called and asked if Miss ———— could get me for an interview, I made up my mind to be flippant rather than heavy; light rather than profound.

Besides, I hadn't adopted any particular background as yet and I had discovered that none of the big stars were "telling the world" what they really were, nor where they had really come from, nor much of anything at all that was really so. Or, if they were, they had it so gilded over and decorated and enlivened, that the truth was literally in motley masquerade.

I asked that first interviewer if she would have tea with me at my apartment the following day. She said that she would. Mother immediately began to fuss and wonder what she would have and how it ought to be fixed and what she would wear, and all that. But I told her that I wasn't going to pull any heavy stuff . . . not yet. And I was wise. That young lady left me and went back to her desk and and wrote an article quoting me as the one candidate for stardom she had ever met who didn't take herself seriously or think that she was slated to be the whole of the Milky Way. With that interview, my first "fan mail" began to come in. Girls wrote and told me that they had imagined that I was "human, even if I was so beautiful," from seeing me on the screen, but now they *knew* that I was, after reading Miss ————'s article about me.

"Of course it's wonderful, honey," mother said, "but it seems to be coming so *easily*."

MOTHER began to have to act as secretary. We bought a small typewriter and I developed a signature, which mother easily "forged," and she began the job of answering my fan letters and sending my pictures where they were requested. At first, Mother was fearfully excited over that fan mail! She would insist upon reading every single letter aloud to me, and I know full well that she spent hours in fulsomely answering every letter that stood out a little bit in enthusiasm or appreciation from the others. A secretary is doing all that now, but Mother still looks over them now and then, or asks my secretary to save out any letter that is of unusual interest.

I did my fourth picture with my first director. At the beginning of that picture he said to me, "You ought to have a little press work done for you. You're an individual type, and I believe that it pays. Why not get the girl who was doing ————'s publicity? They say she gets the stuff over with a bang."

Thus began the reign of Press Agents.

Really, though, I owe a great deal to Miss ————. She sort of took me over, in thorough and efficient manner. In the first place, she asked me the real story of my life, from birth to date. I told it to her with what I considered suitable omissions. She decided that it wouldn't do. "The Public," she said, "want glamor about their screen stars. Of course, we couldn't have you born on the neck of the Sphinx, like certain other stars we know of, but neither do we have to have you born in a small mid-western town and brought up in a rooming house. Smells fusty. The part about your parents being theatrical . . . that might do . . ."

We were sitting in my living-room in the evening. It was precisely like planning out a campaign, this deliberate manufacturing of a personality out of that dreary reality you who have read will know as me.

"Yes," Miss ———— went on, "we will say that you came of lineal, theatrical talent . . . your mother was consumptive and couldn't continue with her stage work . . . your father . . . disappeared . . ."

"Mercy!" said mother, 'but I wasn't consumptive."

"No, of course not, Mrs. ————," soothed my first P. A. "and, anyway, you will have recovered now. But it lends atmosphere, don't you see?"

Mother didn't, but she didn't have the courage, either, to go against Miss ————'s omnipotent pencil.

"That first love affair," Miss ———— went on. "I think we might occasionally make mention of that, as one of your reasons for giving yourself wholly to your Art, don't you know? Anything with a heart throb in it and a dash of tears . . . they always go. Then, that rich man you say you knew, we'll have it that you wouldn't accept his proffered aid at all; that you insisted upon climbing the lonely trail alone . . . that sort of thing."

By the time Miss ———— had completed me I was a strange, strategic figure, anomalously born in an anomalous locale. "We won't be too definite about it until pressed," Miss ———— said, "and then we may think of something really good when the time comes. Some part you do some time may suggest a suitable birthplace for you."

The following day I beheld an account of myself in one of the newspapers with a department devoted to film doings, in which I was represented as a "Lonely Child of Art," or words to that effect. I had traveled the world over, I also read, taking unto myself all the great impressionistic ingredients of Art and Life which now, so marvelously, I was ready to give forth again. It was quite a remarkable article . . . about someone. Not about *me*.

It was decided that we were to make our fourth picture "on the coast."

I could scarcely wait to get home to tell Mother that night. The Coast! Hollywood! That radiant town, which like a veritable film, was shadowed with the substances of the Great. "We'll see them all!" I exulted. "Everyone of them! Won't it be wonderful?"

The next night I had still greater news. I waited until dinner was served and we were alone. I wanted to feel pepped up and full of punch. "Mother," I said, 'tell Nora to mix me a cocktail. I'm sort of down tonight and I've something thrilling to tell you."

MOTHER rang the bell and gave the order. "I wish, darling," she said, "that you wouldn't get into the habit of taking this every night. I read today in one of the fan magazines that a greater part of ————'s decline had been due solely to too much drinking."

"Oh, mother," I said, "she was different."

"They all think they are 'different,'" mother said, "and that is where the trouble comes in."

After I had had my cocktail, which custom I had "borrowed" from ————, the star in my last picture, to whose home I had one night been invited for dinner, I told mother that we were probably to make two pictures on the coast, and that if they made the second story they had in mind, I would probably be featured in it, if not actually starred!

I waited for mother's triumphant paen of praise and joy. And I think I will always remember the curious, intermingled expressions on her face. It seemed to me, sitting opposite to her, as if a shadow like a hand of fear, fear and premonition, crossed her face, or did I only see the candle flickering in a light breeze?

"Darling," she said, "of course, it's . . . wonderful . . . but . . ."

"But *what?*" I asked, impatiently enough, I fear, "but *what?* Miss ———— (my press agent), is so duly impressed with my coming triumph that she has already asked me for a raise in salary. Isn't that significant?"

"Of course, it's wonderful, honey," Mother said, "but . . . but it seems to be coming so hastily . . . so *easily* . . ."

"'Hastily!'" I said. "'Easily!'" I thought of the rooming house when I was a child . . . the frying hamburger steak . . . the patient-eyed man who had died for lack of care . . . the baby, too. I thought of mother and her nervous breakdown and Mr. Y———, and my illness, and the store . . . and in between and all the while I thought of Clemence . . . that day by the river . . . the way this very thing, this bright, alluring thing had flashed between him and me until I could not see

(*Continued on page* 24)

Honeymooning in Venice—with Barbara LaMarr

Popular screen star and *her husband* return from trip *abroad* and tell how it felt to make *love* in a *gondola*

By Grace Kingsley

Barbara La Marr and her husband, *Jack Daugherty*, who have just returned from a honeymoon in *Venice*.

"I'M sure if couples, especially the young married couples, would make it a point to visit Venice once in a while, there would be fewer divorces! You fall in love with your mate all over again if you ride in those gondolas in the moonlight."

Barbara La Marr and her husband, Jack Daugherty, both looked as if they might start holding hands again at any minute!

It was up at their charming new home which they have just purchased on a Hollywood hillside, near the homes of Rodolph Valentino and Jack Kerrigan, that I spent a delightful evening with the pair who were newlyweds when Miss La Marr went over to Rome to play a leading role in "The Eternal City."

"Yet I don't see why a honeymoon in this house wouldn't be perfectly wonderful," I told her.

The house is built in a charmingly rambling fashion, so that you don't know quite where it ends or where it begins. It is built in the Spanish style, with pretty arches between the rooms, and unexpected and charming balconies, with big windows looking off over the circle of hills on the sides of which are built the picturesque Spanish houses.

And now a secret!

Barbara's hair is bobbed!

But she has a beautifully shaped head. And the bobbing was done on the honeymoon trip—the work of her husband, Jack Daugherty!

Barbara and her newly adopted baby, *Ivan*, whom she literally worships.

"He just would bob me!" explained Barbara, going over and tweaking her husband's ear, and sitting on the arm of his chair. "He was like the man with the stool, who determined to even up the legs, but who cut a little here and a little there, until there weren't any legs left. But he likes the way I look, even if nobody else in the world does, so I suppose it's all right, isn't it, dear?"

Barbara won't talk much about "being sure she is going to be happy always," but it looks that way. She did say, however, that she felt that the professional woman should be happy in her home life in order to make a success of her calling. And if the fans could only have seen Barbara when she heard her little baby, adopted, and called Ivan, cry out from his little room above! Though he has a wonderfully devoted colored nurse—whose mother was Barbara's own black mammy — Barbara can never hear that baby cry without rushing to him.

"SO YOU liked honeymooning in Europe!" I said, by way of getting the conversation back to the channel I wanted it to run in. And a baby is such a jolt to a honeymoon story!

"Oh, we held hands in the catacombs!" explained Barbara.

"Had to!" said Jack, with his radiant smile. "Barbara was awfully nervous at sight of all those sacred bones of dead and gone monks and martyrs!"

"But it was wonderful going along the Appian Way, where all the funny little shops that sell wine and cheese and bread are. We would stop our little carriage, and the proprietor would call out, and——"

"I spoke Italian," put in Jack.

"Yes, you spoke Italian," conceded Barbara in the manner of a wife wise to the way of husbands. "And they brough out their funny little wares. I loved studying the women.

"And do you remember the day I scrambled in French heels up the side of the Coliseum to get a kodak shot I wanted to secure from that height?" Barbara laughed. "We took a carriage, and——"

"I spoke Italian to the driver," put in Jack.

"Yes," soothed Barbara, "you spoke Italian to the driver. And do you remember how the guards got after me, when they saw me up there, in a place forbidden to the public, and came after me with guns, and I just fell down, with my French

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Why the SCREEN STARS change their Names

Have you ever *wondered* why *Sophie Klotz* became *Elise Carrington* when she exchanged *Oshkosh* for *Hollywood?* Here are the reasons—Read 'em and weep

By Virginia T. Morris

ALMOST anyone who has lived in a small town knows the thrill of standing behind the brass band and waving good-bye to little Mary Jones, the village's contribution to screen art, as she sets out, like Merton, to do "bigger and finer things." And then the disappointment when Mary returns to town! She appears in a celluloid incarnation traveling around the country in a can. And a very gorgeous creature she is indeed, professing no connection at all with the tribe of Jones, and now calling herself a name which has to be translated from the French.

All of which prompts us to ask, "Why do screen stars change their names and if not, why not?"

The change is usually made just because parents have the annoying habit of bequeathing to their children with screen ambitions, names that a thousand others may have, and when one's personality is sufficiently distinctive to earn film success, one's name must at least keep pace. So Gladys Smith becomes Mary Pickford and Paula Schwartz abdicates in favor of Pola Negri.

Then again, a girl with a particularly beautiful face can't afford to go through life with a tongue-twisting name which not only falls short of euphony, but is a positive detriment to her before she starts climbing to the stars. You cannot really blame Ola Cronk for deciding that her name was against her when she was to play leading roles and so emerging in pictures as Claire Windsor. And Truly Shattuck, famous for years on the vaudeville stage, and recently seen in the film version of "Daughters of the Rich," revamped her own name as soon as she reached the age of reason, from Claire Etruella Shattuck.

This, indeed, has been the case so often that should a player be blessed by Providence with a name which does have a more or less agreeable sound, he is accused at once of having adopted it for business purposes. This charge has often been made against Gaston Glass and Vola Vale, who play together in Gasnier's new picture, "Mothers-in-Law." Both Gaston and Vola are ready to prove to the doubting world at any time that theirs are names which were with them and their families before Edison had perfected his invention.

THEN it has always been thought good stuff to get the public talking and then keep them guessing. And so someone suggested to Margaret Armstrong that she drop her first name altogether and find herself a new last one. The result was that "Foolish Wives" featured an actress named Miss du Pont. She has found this name far more popular with the public and so retains it in her latest picture, "The Broken Wing."

A little girl named Kathleen Morrison knew she had a hundred per cent Irish personality. Her first name might do, but Morrison wasn't quite Erinish enough. She thought a while and decided to become Colleen Moore. Her new name was no obstacle in getting her the leading role in "April Showers," her latest picture that features an all-Irish cast. That proves it's good business.

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Miss Dupont, whose real name is *Margaret Armstrong.*

Colleen Moore used to be *Kathleen Morrison.*

Claire Windsor, whose folks know her as *Ola Cronk.*

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The Girl who was never safe

Her beauty spelled danger to her wherever she went—the dark, voluptuous beauty that turned men's heads to madness. Yet she was as unconscious of her charm as a lovely poppy, as you will learn when you read this second fascinating instalment of the powerful fiction serial

By John R. Coryell

What has gone before:

Society had gathered for sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most beautiful resorts in California. Just before the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, in which only men are entered, beautiful, athletic Grace Harper, poorly dressed, asks to be allowed to run in the race. She wins, and receives a ten dollar gold piece, then rushes home to tell her parents and to take the money to the man who holds the mortgage on her father's home. On the lonely road she meets a stranger.

SHE unhooked the rifle, and let it lie carelessly across her lap. She had no intention of looking foolish in case the horseman was a peaceable one, but she preferred to be ready for any emergency; and was determined, at any cost, to keep that precious interest money.

As they neared each other, her keen eyes told her that the rich dress of the man and the gorgeous trappings of his horse could indicate no one else but young Don Morton.

As soon as she was assured of this, she quietly reslung her rifle over her back when she thought she would not be observed. She was interested to see the young man who had the reputation of being at once the handsomest and the most evil man in that part of California.

There was no doubt of his being singularly handsome, and he bore himself with the assured air of one conscious of many if not all possible advantages. He sat on a magnificent stallion, which he rode with the ease of a finished horseman. Grace watched him approach with the enjoyment of one who delights in beauty.

She expected to pass him with a greeting, but as he fixed his bold black eye on her with a glance of cold indifference, she merely looked back at him to assure him that she cared no more for his courtesy than he for hers; and so passed on.

If she had kept her eyes on him but a moment longer, she would have seen him start with surprise at the sight of her. She did know that he checked his horse, and she guessed that he was looking back at her; but why she did not in the least suspect.

The truth was that Don Martin was but just out of bed and was in a frame of mind that indisposed him for human society. So he had seen the stranger coming, had taken it for granted, at the first, that the clothes make the man, and so would have passed on in his insolent way, but for the sudden consciousness that the supposed man was a girl.

He stopped and looked back at Grace, noting her litheness, suppleness and perfect horsemanship; and then the noble carriage of her head; and finally the robustness of the limbs that filled out the corduroys and the leather leggings.

Grace, at that unfortunate moment, looked back to discover why Don Morton did not continue on his way. As if he took her look for an invitation, he dug his spurs into his stallion and brought him around with a wild leap. In another moment he was riding by Grace's side.

"By heaven! You are a girl!" he cried.

"By heaven! You are not a gentleman!" she retorted, "and I don't care for your society." Which was most imprudent, and not quite like Grace Harper. But the truth was she had been thinking over much of her recent conversation with Will, and for once in her life her nerves were in evidence.

"Don't you dare!" cried *Grace*, white as chalk.

DON MORTON looked down into the flushed face and laughed as if he liked nothing so well as such a retort.

"Well," he said, "you are a beauty, if ever I saw one—a beauty from your Titian hair to your little foot; and as I am the heir to the land you have intruded on, you shall pay me toll. A kiss, if you please, is the toll I demand."

"Don't you dare!" cried Grace, white as chalk.

"Dare and will," said he with a laugh, his arm reaching out to encircle her as his horse crowded close to hers. "And it's no use to scream, either."

If any man—even Will—had approached Grace with a humble request to be allowed to kiss her she would have refused with scorn and indignation; but that a man should attempt to kiss her against her will, filled her with anger.

And yet experience with such a man as this—a libertine—was so new to her that, as she looked into his flaming black eyes, she shuddered and shrank back at the lust of passion she saw there. And it was not until his hand touched her waist — not until his hot breath was almost on her cheek — that she roused herself to repel his hateful approach.

She thrust out the hand in which she held her whip, and pushed his face away with no gentle pressure; then dug her heel into her mare's side and caused it to leap suddenly away.

"You cur!" she cried, fiercely. "Keep away from me!" In her inexperience, she fancied the incident was ended; and, eager to be out of the presence of such a man, she spoke to her mare and was carried swiftly away.

She heard the horrid oath that broke from the young man's lips, and in a moment was aware that she was being pursued. She was not afraid, as most girls would have been under the circumstances, but her disgust and horror were so great that her instinct was to flee rather than to stop and contend. It was her first experience with the aggressive animalism of debased man.

She dug both heels into her mare's sides, and the fleet-footed creature, understanding the signal, broke into a run that would have left almost any other horse in the neighborhood hopelessly in the rear; but a glance back over her shoulder told Grace that it would take the powerful stallion but a few strides to come up to her.

"It's no use, my dear," cried the voice of Don Morton. "You might as well stop and take your medicine. I owe you half a dozen kisses for that slap in the face."

He ended with a mocking laugh, and another glance back at the evil smile on his darkly handsome face filled Grace with such a wrath as she had never experienced before.

She thought of her rifle, and even laid her hand on it to swing it around from her back, but her pursuer was almost by her side—his horse's head almost touched her thigh. She looked around once more into the hateful face, and then, swift as a flash, raised her formidable bull-hide whip and brought it down over him as best she could.

If she had studied the blow she could not have done better, for the lash curled about his head like a snake, and lay upon his cheek like a tongue of fire, bringing a cry of blended pain and anger from his lips.

With a practiced hand, she snatched the whip

away again, and once more it whistled through the air; but Don Morton was out of reach this time, and raging like a demon.

"Curse you!" he quivered. "You'll pay dearly for this!" And he gave the reins a cruel wrench and brought his horse back on its haunches in a dead stop such as only the most expert rider would dare essay. Grace rode on, flushed and angry, but triumphant.

IF SHE had had any experience with the libertine type of man, she would not have looked upon the episode, even now, as having been ended so simply and expeditiously. She was happily, without experience with Don Morton's kind of man, however. She went her way, wrathful and indignant, it is true, but feeling that she had given a lesson that would not be forgotten.

She told herself, indeed, that in the event of another such assault on her, she would use her rifle, but that was only because her blood still boiled and her nerves still tingled as she went over the details of the encounter.

Another girl, of less heroic mold, might have complained to her father of the treatment she had received at the hands of the heir, but it did not occur to Grace to do so. When she reached the hacienda, she sprang from her mare, threw the reins to a half-naked boy who was playing in the courtyard, and stalked into the office of old Donald Morton, and curtly counted out the interest money on his desk, disregarding his greeting of her except by a short nod of her head.

She had never liked him, and now she liked him less than ever, making him share in the odium of the son's conduct. She had very little notion that her indignation was enhancing her beauty to a very marked degree, and was quite unaware that her uplifted head, sparkling brown eyes and flushed cheeks were attracting the notice of even the time-wearied old roue before her, until he said, unctuously:

"Carramba, my dear! You've suddenly bloomed into a beauty. The men will be wild after you."

"Never mind my looks," she snapped. "There's your money!" I'll thank you to count it and give me a receipt."

He looked at her in undisguised surprise, as if he could not understand how there could be any cause for anger in a compliment paid; then, as another notion entered his head, he chuckled, and began counting the money. Several times he chuckled while he continued to count, and then wrote the receipt, and chuckled again as he handed the paper to her.

"Why do you bring me here?" she demanded, frightened by his silence.

THERE was something peculiarly offensive to her in the old man's chuckle, and he made it worse by an occasional glance at her—now at her face, now at her bust, and finally at her breeched and booted legs; but she had no good excuse for expressing her annoyance until he said, as he handed her the receipt:

"I'll bet you've met that young rascal of mine."

She had already half turned away, but at his words she turned and faced him again, crying out:

"Rascal! Yes, I think so. Met *him?* Well, he met *me.* If you doubt it, look at his cheek when you see him."

The old wretch only laughed long and loud at this, and she left him leaning back in his chair and thumping his desk as if laughter could only partly express his sense of joy. Disgust was now mingled with her indignation, and she rode out of the big courtyard more determined than ever to pay off the mortgage, and be done forever with these Mortons.

However, there was the receipt snug in her pocket, and six months more before the next payment of interest would fall due. In that time, surely, something would suggest itself. What would she not do to pay off at least a part of the principal sum?

Will Belden, and his offer to take the mortgage with her, did enter her thoughts, but were instantly dismissed. She had never given the subject of marriage any thought, and hers was too wholesome a nature to contemplate marriage as an economic problem. She would pay off the mortgage herself.

She had no idea of any further trouble with Don Morton, but in her frame of mind it seemed the most natural thing to unsling her rifle and to carry it across her lap, in readiness for anything that might happen to call for its use.

CHAPTER IV

Hopeless to Try

The day was still young and was perfect, as California days are, so that ir spite of her unpleasant experiences with the father and son, she found it easy to enjoy her homeward ride, and presently to forget the unpleasant pair.

She let the little mare take her own gait, knowing that by so doing there would be less fatigue for the animal, and the latter soon fell into an easy amble, pleasant for Grace, and the least difficult of her paces for the mare.

Occasionally, as Grace mounted a rise in the road, she could look over the rolling country and see flocks of sheep feeding in the distance, but otherwise there was no sign of life on the great ranch. After a while she came upon a long stretch of thickly wooded land, and pulled her mare back into a walk, that she might enjoy the forest sights and sounds.

SUDDENLY the mare stopped short, with a snort of fright, and Grace could see a dead sheep lying across the road. It was a singular object to be there, and Grace soothed her horse while she studied to find a way to pass the carcass; for a horse fears a dead body more than any other object.

She had just decided that there was nothing for it but to dismount and lead the trembling mare slowly around the sheep, when there was an odd noise behind her, and before she could turn her head to see what might be the cause, the noose of a lasso dropped over her head and she was jerked backward off her horse, her arms tightly pinioned to her sides.

A shrill, frightened cry of "Help! Help! Help!" broke from her lips, but was stifled almost instantly at the moment of reaching the earth by a bag that was thrown over her head.

Bruised and partially stunned by the sudden jerk and by the fall, Grace, nevertheless, tried to struggle with the two men who had rushed upon her at the moment of her fall. But they were large and powerful men, and overcame her in a very little while, tying her hands behind her and binding her ankles together, so that escape was impossible.

In this condition, her head enveloped in the folds of a large bag, in which her frantic cries were so muffled that they could be heard but a short distance away, she was lifted into the arms of a man mounted on a horse, and so borne rapidly away.

Not a word had been spoken, save by her, during all this time, and the faces of the men who had captured her had been covered with handkerchiefs, with holes cut in them to see through; nevertheless, it required no effort of her imagination to satisfy Grace that she had fallen a victim to Don Morton's wounded vanity.

A desperate fear clutched at the poor girl's heart, though she was too ignorant of the infamies of the world to comprehend fully what her real peril was. She ceased her struggles as soon as she discovered that they were futile, and had the presence of mind to try to make out which way her captors took.

She knew that they retraced the road so as to emerge from the woods, and was sure, from the unevenness of the way, that they had turned aside from the beaten trail and were going across the open country. More than that she could not make out.

She guessed that they were about half an hour on the way, galloping most of the time, but walking now and then over a particularly uneven piece of land, and for the most part making an ascent. She judged that by the shorter gallop of the horses, and by their labored panting. All the while not a word was spoken, by which she knew that her capture must have been carefully prearranged.

WHEN the horses finally stopped, she was lifted down from the horse by someone who evidently had been prepared for her coming, for still not a word was spoken. She was carried into a house and placed on a chair; the bag being immediately taken from her head so that she could see.

She was in a big, bare apartment, paved with stone, and surrounded by thick adobe walls. Three massive chairs and a wide couch constituted the

(*Continued on page 22*)

Married beyond

Past the three-mile limit—with *Tom Meighan* and *Lila Lee* asking the captain to marry them—in *"Woman-Proof."*

***Thomas Meighan* in *"Woman-Proof"* has novel courtship—*Baby Peggy*, *"The Country Kid"* and *"The Virginian,"* among other pictures of the week**

Reviewed by Mary Jane Warren

"WOMAN-PROOF"

Tom Meighan's Latest a Comedy

A Paramount picture, presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with a cast composed of Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, John Sainpolis, Louise Dresser, Robert Agnew, Mary Astor, Edgar Norton, Charles A. Sellon, George O'Brien, Vera Reynolds, Hardee Kirkland, Martha Maddox, Bill Gonder and Mike Donlin.

After digesting the title of Thomas Meighan's latest picture, we rather expected to see that good-looking Irishman frowning on every member of the fair sex who chanced to cross his path. We surely should be movie educated to the extent that we would not take titles seriously. Pictures are usually christened with a mercenary eye on the cash box. However, our faith is almost pathetic and we still have to learn that there is nothing in a name.

Tommy is not consistently "Woman-Proof." He falls, and with an awful thud, for Louise Halliday (Lila Lee), after his family had contrived to place "flappers" and "zippers" and an old-fashioned girl right under his nose in an effort to lure him into matrimony and thus keep the millions in the family.

Yes, it's another story of the will left by a loving Dad, stipulating marriage on or before a certain date, or the millions go to charity. Instead of concerning Tom Rockwood (Thomas Meighan) alone, however, the the marriage clause takes in the entire family. The flapper daughter, her mature sister, and the two brothers, Tom and Dick, must all be wed by June 30th in order to cash in on a million apiece. Rather an attractive lure, that!

Little sister and big sister, and brother Dick are all set with their life partners, but Tom, who is an engineer and engrossed in his work, has never met the woman he loves. He has no intention of contracting a loveless marriage and we find him, on June 15th, still a merry bachelor, with the rest of his father's children frantic at the thought of the fading millions. Then, ah! Tom meets Louise and the next fifteen days are busy ones. We thought he never would make the altar in time, but he does. The altar in this case being the salon of a steamer, the location beyond the three-mile limit, with the captain of the ship tying the knot.

Not an unusual story. George Ade is the author and he also wrote the titles. Tom Meighan's pleasant, easy manner and the titles save the picture. It is a fair comedy and would be a lot better if it were cut down a reel or two, eliminating some of the boresome spots. Mr. Ade insists that there is a moral to the plot to the effect that "many a man who has sworn to be a bachelor is now pushing a baby carriage." But even the author couldn't fool us. Tommy never swore he would not marry. He was just a nice, sensible boy who did not fall for every nice-looking girl he met. We could see in his eye that he was just waiting for "The One and Only."

Lila Lee, Bobby Agnew, Mary Astor, Louise Dresser and Vera Reynolds are satisfactory in their respective roles.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE DARLING OF NEW YORK"

In Which Baby Peggy Is Excellent

A Universal production with a cast composed of Baby Peggy Montgomery, Junior Dorothy Hagan, Estelle Goulder, Carl

***Baby Peggy* and her "gang' in a scene from *"The Darling of New York."* This clever mite seems to be making a big hit with every "man" in the crowd.**

the Three Mile Limit!

The three orphans — *Wesley Barry, "Spec" O'Donnell* and *Bruce Guerin*, in *"The Country Kid."*

Stockdale, Big Mike, Gladys Brockwell, Sheldon Lewis, Wm. H. Turner, Jose Devere, Jack Quinn, Max Davidson, Emma Steele, Walter O'Donnell and Frank Currier.

Baby Peggy is a cuddlesome bit of pep and personality. Since viewing her new picture, "The Darling of New York," we have met this tiny star and we have succumbed completely. She is the sweetest, cutest child we know, and as we watched her we had an almost tragic thought: What a shame that she has to grow up. Her growth cannot be prevented, of course, so the best we can do is breathe an earnest prayer that she will retain her simple little-girl manner. But this is not an interview, but a review, so we must get back to the picture.

"The Darling of New York" is Peggy's picture. The story concerns a girl, Santussa (Baby Peggy), who falls into the hands of smugglers and crooks, on her way from Italy. They use her to cover up their crooked operations, having tucked the diamonds in her beloved rag doll. Santussa leads a somewhat adventurous life in the underworld until she meets the Levinsky kid and is brought home to "Mamma" and "Popper" Levinsky and becomes a member of the Levinsky tribe. There is a good deal of humor here.

We thought the picture could have stood on its own without the frightful fire scene, but producers don't give a rap for our thoughts, so a very melodramatic fire supplies the well-known punch.

As we said before, it is Peggy's picture from start to finish. The ability of this tot to register emotion sincerely and effectively is remarkable. Her smile is infectious and her tears are heart-rending. Her manner is natural and without the slightest trace of camera consciousness. She just plays as any kid would, which is unusual when you stop to think that she is acting according to instructions megaphoned by the director.

The remainder of the cast is entirely satisfactory and there are several other youngsters who do good work. Regardless of the "hokum" story, you will thoroughly enjoy "The Darling of New York." All you need is a little soft spot in your heart for adorable kiddies. As freckles seem to be the prevailing fashion among screen juveniles, most of these kids are beautifully speckled.

Kenneth Harlan declares his love for *Florence Vidor* in *"The Virginian."*

"THE COUNTRY KID"

A Story of Three Orphans

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, cast composed of Wesley Barry, "Spec" O'Donnell, Bruce Guerin, Helen Jerome Eddy, Edward Burns and George Nichols. A Warner Brothers picture.

Wesley Barry, as "The Country Kid," is a bit miscast in our opinion. How the boy has grown! He must be nearly six feet tall. At least he has outgrown the "kid" picture stage and will certainly have to be cast in huskier roles in the future. His freckles are shrinking as fast as he is growing and we wonder if this will detract from his dramatic ability.

The plot we will not talk about. It is trite. There is an amusing series of boyish antics, with a few sad moments while Wesley is courageously attempting to earn a living for his two kid brothers so as to keep them out of the orphan asylum. The poor tots eventually land in the orphanage, which is a bit of a reflection on Wesley's capabilities as a wage earner.

Speaking of the younger brothers brings to mind the youngest of the trio of orphans. He is Bruce Guerin. If we are to judge by our own opinion, and the laughter and applause of the audience when this mite was before the camera, he walked away with the picture. The most amusing scenes in the film are the ones in which he appears. What a perfect "kid picture" could be produced with the star combination of this delightful Guerin child and Baby Peggy Montgomery. It would be a joy!

The other orphan is "Spec" O'Donnell. A very speckled youngster and quite amusing also. All in all, Wes, "Spec" and little Bruce, with their comedy horse (it has a hammock shaped back), rather

(*Continued on page* 28)

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
who will appear in
"Stephen Steps Out"

LOIS WILSON
who will appear in
"Pied Piper of Malone"

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After the Clouds Roll By

The concluding instalment of *"Loyal Lives,"* the fascinating fiction serial from the *Whitman Bennett* screen production by *Dorothy Farnum* and *Charles G. Rich.* Fictionized by

Marjorie Damsey Wilson

THE Louisville-Nashville train sped along smoothly.

In the mail-car, Terrence O'Brien whistled merrily as he assorted the packages of registered mail.

He felt he had good cause to be happy. It was great to be working. Great to know that he was at last able to contribute toward the material comforts of his mother and father. He meant to work industriously at his new job so that some day he might be in a position to do lots more for his folks—give them the things which they had denied themselves all their lives so that he and Peggy might have all that was in their power to give them.

Terrence worked swiftly. He reflected that the mail-order houses seemed to be doing great business these days. He wished that his co-worker, Jim Nelson, were already in the train with him. For one thing, there was too much work on hand for one man to handle; for another, he didn't quite like the idea of being alone in the car with so much valuable mail. There was one mail-bag alone to be thrown off at the next station that was worth a fortune. And he'd been reading a lot about train hold-ups of late.

Terrence grinned to himself. He guessed he'd be able to handle a money-lustful thief, though. That .44 in his hip-pocket could wield some wicked lead were it called into play. His grin widened. He guessed that if there were any combats with highwaymen scheduled in this day's work, Fate would be kind enough not to let it happen before the next two stops, when Nelson was supposed to join him.

A faint scraping sound on the roof of the car made Terrence start. He looked upward, then returned to his work, calling himself, under his breath, a nervous kid. But somehow, after that, he couldn't focus his attention on the task of assorting the mails. He glanced backward over his shoulder.

"That side door oughtn't be open," he said to himself.

IT WAS a rather warm day, and the air was stuffy in the train. He had left the door open to cool off. Well, just as soon as he had this packet in place, he'd bolt it, and then he'd feel safer.

He heard the scuffling sound again. This time it seemed to come from a point directly over his head.

Terrence didn't like it a bit.

He decided he'd close the door immediately.

He put down the mail-packet, and turned around. What he saw through the open door made his face go suddenly white.

A pair of man's legs swung into the car, followed by the upper part of his body. The face was masked.

Terrence's hand went to his hip pocket, but he was too late. Already the invader was inside the car, levelling a gun at the boy.

"Throw up yer hands!" he snarled. "I don't wanna blow y' up, but if there's one peep outa yer——"

Terrence's eyes widened with horror, as he looked over the shoulder of the newcomer, and saw another form swing into the car. This man was masked, too.

He asked the man how long it would take him to run him back to *Sikestown.*

"What's your game?" Terrence's voice was hoarse. Whatever their game might be, he realized he didn't stand a chance fighting the two armed huskies single-handed. If only Nelson were there!

The second intruder remained silent, gazing fixedly at Terrence through the slits in his black mask.

It was the man who was pointing the gun at him who spoke.

"Don't be a fool. Y' know damned well wot we're after. We're after that registered mail that's to go off at the next station—and all the other registered letters we can lay our hands on. Come on, now. Move snappy. Where've yuh got it?"

Terrence made a quick decision, and the next instant he had lunged forward, throwing his entire weight on the man with the gun. He managed to bear him to the ground, and now they were grappling on the floor, Terrence making a desperate fight to wrench the weapon from his opponent's hand.

EVERY muscle of his body was called into play for the battle. So far the odds were in favor of the thief. He was a much heavier man than Terrence, he still held the weapon, although the boy's outstretched hand was getting nearer to it every moment—and he had his pal standing close by. Terrence expected that the latter would join in the skirmish any minute, now. But, so far, he had made no move to interfere. He stood idly by—curiously enough—while his pal did the fighting.

Terrence finally achieved a stranglehold on his enemy, and now his fingers were closing over his wrist. A dexterous wrench, and the gun would be out of his hand.

The robber emitted a vile oath as he realized that he was being beaten.

"Give—us—a hand—Brady—wot the—Hell!" he gasped. But his pal made no move to come to his assistance.

An instant later, the gun was flung across the length of the car.

The loss of the weapon seemed to give the highwayman fresh impetus. He redoubled his energy, and now it was his turn to pin Terrence to the ground. He did so, and finished the trick with a blow directed at Terrence's jaw with such terrific force, that the boy was stunned for a few seconds.

When he came to, he saw his antagonist picking up the valuable mail-bag. Also, he had recovered his gun.

"You lay there," he ordered. "I got what I came after. But if you move, I'll blow yer brains out, an' I mean it this time. Jest you lay there."

The man backed toward the open door without taking his eyes off Terrence.

O'Brien knew what their next move would be. As soon as the train reached solid ground again—they were now passing over a bridge that spanned a river a good hundred feet below—they'd leap from the train with the precious loot.

Well, not if he knew it. He had sufficient time yet in which to make something happen. There were a good two minutes to go before the train would be flanked by dry land again. It went over the bridge pretty slowly. Terrence guessed he could make *something* happen, in spite of the gun that was being levelled at him. So far, the other fellow hadn't moved; it was curious, that he hadn't—but it was, at the same time, extremely fortunate for Terrence that he hadn't. He hoped fervently that he'd continue standing there in rigid silence.

HE WASN'T even stirring now as his pal, with the mail-bag tucked under his arm, hurled a series of vituperatives at him.

"What's got into yer, y' damned fool! Can't yuh give us a hand? Here, grab this mail-sack, while I gag our young friend here. I don't like the look in his eye."

But the one addressed as "Brady," made no

move to come to his pal's assistance. He stood with his arms folded, implacable.

The speaker's rage was giving way to plain astonishment.

"Have yer gone crazy, or yellow, or wot?" he shouted. And for a swift moment, his eyes moved from Terrence to the silent, masked man.

This was precisely what Terrence was waiting for.

In less than the flash of a second, he was grappling with the fellow who held the loot, pushing him steadily toward the open door as he fought.

The river below was Terrence's desired destination. He felt he could manage the fellow under water.

In a right clinch, the two men tottered as the train gave a sudden lurch, and before Brady reached them in an attempt at rescue—his first sign of animation since he had entered the train—they had passed through the open door, together with the mail-sack, down to the river, far below.

Brady's first impulse was to jump from the car, into the water below. But how would that help the situation, he asked himself? He wiped the perspiration from the lower part of his face.

Here was a horrible state of affairs. But how could he have known that the mail-clerk in the Louisville-Nashville train would turn out to be Terrence O'Brien—the son of the good people who had befriended his mother, and later, himself?

It had cost him a good deal to keep out of the fight—to stand by and see his pal, "Butch," engaged in a battle which he should have shared with him.

But he couldn't have done that—not when their opponent was Terrence O'Brien. He wouldn't touch a hair of the lad's head!

But he owed "Butch" something, too. So he had let the two fight it out between them, instead of siding with either party. He hadn't figured on this thing happening, though. Not that he was worried about it. He remembered that his pal was a good swimmer, and he hoped that the O'Brien kid was, too.

His next job was to get off the train before it pulled into the next station—just a few miles off now. He'd walk the distance along the track, and make the town just in time to catch the next train back to Sikestown, where he had lived with the O'Briens for three weeks. There was a big haul awaiting him and his pal in the post office there. They had planned to break in late that night, and raid the registered mail addressed to the O'Hara Mail Order House. He had just enough time to make it. He guessed "Butch" would be there, all right. Trust "Butch" to keep his "appointments." He'd got out of tighter holes than a fight in water.

Brady, satisfied that his plans for the coming night would shape themselves perfectly well, removed his mask, placed it in his pocket, and as soon as the train had pulled off the bridge, he leaped from it, and landed in safety on a pile of cinders.

PAT wandered aimlessly through the streets. He could no longer bear staying indoors, watching Mary suffer. Watching her only served to intensify his own suffering, and make more acute the consciousness of his impotency. And that was what crushed him more than anything else: His helplessness. There was nothing he could do. Nothing. And he was the one, he felt, who should have been able to adjust matters. It was his *duty* as the instigator of the whole miserable affair. He blamed himself pitilessly for whatever might have happened, or was yet to happen. If he had been the right sort of father, this hideous thing would have never befallen his son. And among the duties of "the right sort of father," Pat listed that of providing his children with sufficient money to give them everything they ought to have—particularly an education. He told himself over and over again that if he had been able to send Terrence to college, the boy wouldn't have been forced to get a job, and so all this couldn't have happened.

PAT'S heart was torn with grief. It was the uncertainty of his son's fate that was so terrible. Of course, the rest of it was all nonsense—the implication that Terry was a thief. Pat couldn't even think about that. That was newspaper twaddle. But where *was* Terrence? That was it . . .

Pat refused to think of the worst. He had lain awake all night fighting off the fears that assailed him. Horrible misgivings of what might have happened to his boy . . .

Almost twenty-four hours had passed since Peggy had thrust the newspaper with the glaring

. . . And she, with a light of divine exaltation in her eyes, was whispering—"Thank God, you're safe!"

headlines into his hands. And still there was no word of Terrence.

Pat walked, but he was oblivious to his course.

Presently he looked up, and found himself near the employee's entrance of the Post Office Building—the door he knew so well. The place was plunged in darkness.

Pat's mouth twisted into a bitter smile. What mocking fate had directed his footsteps to this point tonight of all nights?

He bowed his head, and made as though to turn in the opposite direction, when a tiny gleam of light flashing through the window to the right of the entrance, caught his eye.

Some curious force drew him to the window. He peered through the glass, and uttered a low exclamation. He discerned through the darkness the outlines of stealthy figures moving about in the dark shadows. Another flash of light—and he saw two masked men kneeling before a safe which he remembered contained countless sums of money and valuable registered mail.

A tiger-like ferocity suddenly welled up in Pat. Here were men of the stamp that had caused an unknown misfortune to befall his son. A film of red clouded his eyes; every pulse in his body throbbed. A mad desire to kill seized him.

Without stopping to reason further, he ran to the back of the building, frantically trying doors and windows until he found one that opened.

Pat couldn't remember very much of what happened after that. He recalled having taken the two yeggmen by surprise, thus interrupting some work they were doing with a fuse near the great safe. A second later, Pat was being pinioned to the floor by one of the men, while the other held high his gun, ready to render Pat senseless with the butt of it. The man astride Pat took a swift backward glance and cried, in terror, "The fuse! It's going off!" He jumped up, but Pat with his last gasp of strength, grabbed him about the legs and brought him down with a crash.

There was a terrific explosion . . .

Policemen, breaking into the place ten minutes later, found two men half-buried beneath the mass of wreckage. They recognized the older one of the pair as Patrick O'Brien, and they had difficulty breaking his hold on the unconscious yeggman. The latter's pal had been only a bit stunned. Already he was recovering his senses.

A few hours later, Pat opened his eyes, and struggled back to consciousness.

He realized dimly that he was in his own home—in his own kitchen—lying on the shabby comfortable old couch in the corner.

Then he noticed that the room was filled with people. Peggy — Dr. Jenkins — Judkins, the secret service man — Tommy O'Hara — Mike — and, yes, Lizzie, too!

They seemed to be crowding around two others. He couldn't make out who they were, because Judkins was blocking his view. Ah, now he was moving. That was better . . .

And then Pat saw Terrence, his boy, dishevelled and dirty, an ugly gash over his left eye—*but it was Terrence come back!* He was holding his mother tight in his arms, and she, with a light of divine exaltation in her eyes, was whispering: "Thank God, you're safe!"

PEGGY cuddled closer to Tom.

He looked away from the road ahead of him to smile down at her, adoringly.

"Happy, dearest?"

"*So* happy—that is, except for one thing——"

"What's that, Pegs?"

"I wish you didn't have to drive the car right now. You never talk when you drive, and there's so much I want to *say* to you, Tommy boy—there's so much to be talked over——"

Tom laughed.

"Well, you talk away, honey, and I promise to listen to every word you say—answer all your questions—and altogether give you *all* my attention. Look! Right now, I'm taking my right hand from the wheel"—he did so—"so I can hold you. Is that better?"

Peggy dimpled, and sighed contentedly.

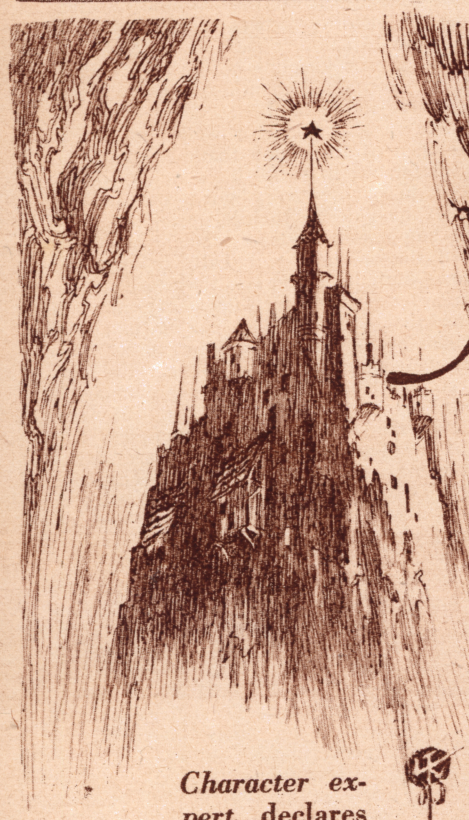
"This is wonderful, now—just perfect——"

A short interval of silence followed, during which the car raced along evenly.

It was a perfect summer's night. Through the darkness things gleamed—fireflies, a shooting star, rays of moonlight sifting through the branches of the tall, shadowy trees that bordered the open, level road.

Tom inclined his head, suddenly, and kissed the coral tip of Peggy's ear—it was so close to him he couldn't resist it.

(*Continued on page* 26)



Hope HAMPTON intensely ambitious, Says De SOLA

Character expert declares screen star is unemotional in nature, but maternal by instinct—Ambition her ruling passion

By Vincent de Sola

"Although *Miss Hampton's* face is sympathetic," says *de Sola*, "it is in many ways a cold face."

Hope Hampton

CHARACTER READING: *A firmly stamped face is this, yet one with many conflicting traits, all strong and defined and therefore producing a certain "temperamental" effect. There is, for instance, the maternal quality present, yet it is unaccompanied by the domestic instinct. Ambition is underscored, and likewise feminine aggression. A certain tensed vitality is present.*

THE photographs of Miss Hope Hampton, which have been given to me to analyze, succeed in offering an unusually clear impression of the character behind her features. I feel here that I have the opportunity for a somewhat more searching analysis than that which is given to me by the more shaded or retouched type of photograph.

Miss Hampton's traits are all definite ones. There is nothing vague, dull, or dim in her group of individual characteristics. They seem to be vitalized by an extraordinary will, and a peculiar nervous tension in the mind which causes every trait to be affirmed with precision, clear-cut and vital.

For instance, her face has the peculiar contours and eye signs of the maternal type. The caprice which appears in other features has no part here. Unselfishness, great self-sacrifice and the attendant qualities are all present in this side of her character.

But we run almost immediately into a curious contradiction. Maternal as the face is, it is of a type that may almost be classified as anti-domestic. There is small interest here for the domestic routine and the domestic sacrifices, except, perhaps, for a passing mood. This is the face of a born actress, one who is capable of living and feeling, for short intervals, many different varieties of life in a wide range of environment. It is too restless to care for any of them for very long.

Only ambition and a sense of personal luxury are stable in the character, and it is these two which drive her with single-tracked vigor towards a single goal. Here definitely she lives on her nerves. She is the type that is never really happy unless she has something to pretend to be unhappy about; and contentment, stolid peace, is very far from her mind as a pleasant objective.

It is a face capable of expressing many emotions, and of understanding these in others. In a way she is an instinctive master of psychology, realizing to a hair the reactions of other temperaments to a given situation. But, fundamentally, she herself feels very little emotionally, outside of her maternal sense. Although the face is sympathetic, it is in many ways a cold one, and while not intellectual it shows, nevertheless, a character that is ruled perpetually by the mental side of the nature.

This is the type of person, as I read her face, to whom persistence in itself as an abstract trait means nothing, but who can, notwithstanding, attain nearly anything she desires. To state this in a clearer fashion, perhaps, I mean that she is one who could readily rush impulsively into a plan and give it up, if it tired or annoyed her, without a qualm. But while the end was still a *desired* one, she would bring to bear upon it a really extraordinary force, a relentless, yet wholly feminine one, stopping at nothing, and adroit and instinctively brilliant.

It is a sensitive face, though sensitiveness is easily put aside here when the individuality is seeking anything of importance to her. Only when there is no particular goal in sight does this sensitiveness spring up vividly. At such times as these, she can easily be wounded, and it is clear that she would not easily forgive. Rather is the tendency shown to strike back and wound in return.

SO FEMININE is his face, that it is easy to deduce that the society of men is of real importance to this character. But it is the masculine spirit that matters to her rather than the individual man. This would indicate a somewhat fickle trend: not one of choice, but rather of circumstance.

Feminine as I have repeatedly declared the face to be, there are signs that aggression is not lacking. It is, however, a rather secret aggression, and hides behind a mask of casualness.

I have said that this definiteness is largely a result of a certain nervous vitality in the character which pushes every trait to its uttermost. Perhaps again it is the definiteness which is responsible for the vague indications of a "temperamental" quality. I would say that Miss Hampton does not understand herself, or at least her own conflicting qualities, and in the effort to seek for something satisfying and productive of happiness, she is inclined to blame fate in some moods, or grope a trifle wildly for solutions.

But her winning qualities lend her charm and magnetism; and while she may create hostility here and there, she will always create admiration. She is like the majority of the motion picture actresses I have analyzed; inclined to be self-centered. But here the old-fashioned copy book virtues are proved fallible enough, for it seems that it is the self-centered persons who make others interested in them too.

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

The Eternal Triangle Starts Young

There's a new triangle love affair in filmdom! Its members are very young—the very youngest in studioville. The feminine contingent is little Ruth Nagle,, four-year-old daughter of Conrad Nagle, while the brawny males are Timmy Holt, son of Jack Holt, and Richard Bushman, son of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Both these youngsters are under six, but both adore little Ruth.

Richard knew Ruth first, so he feels he has a prior right to bring her peanuts and taffy, and that Timmy is something of an interloper. Richard came to his mother to tell her that Ruth declared he was her sweetheart. Which gave him courage to announce, next time Timmy showed up, that he hadn't a look-in.

"H'm, girls only like one fellow," declared Richard, swaggering.

Timmy retired, but not defeated. He has the go-get-'em qualities of his father. Next day little Ruth received from him a whole bag of lemon drops. And nobody but their elders saw the joke.

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Now Rex Ingram's Going to See the Sheiks

Whether Rex Ingram is anxious, having "made" Valentino, who afterward made "The Sheik," to find out whether sheiks are as fascinating as they are painted or not, at any rate, he is going down to the Sahara Desert to make "The Arab," which is by way of being a sort of satire on the sheiks.

Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are to play the leading roles. Miss Terry says she has had her doubts about sheiks all along, and now she is going to find out for herself.

The Ingram party is to visit the main countries of Europe, in addition to the Sahara trip. Novarro will visit Spain, the land of his ancestors, and the Ingrams will go to Ireland, where the director's father is a clergyman in the Episcopal church.

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And Yet He Usually Plays the Villain

Harold Goodwin, who plays the lead in Shirley Mason's current Fox picture, trails right along with little Johnny Reid of McGuffey Primer fame, in that he "hates the filthy weed."

The young actor was required to smoke during the making of a couple of scenes of the picture, but when the cigarettes and scenes were finished, so was Harold. He spent the rest of the afternoon in retirement.

And yet they cast Harold as the villain in his pictures!

Lovely *Lois Wilson* and *Richard Dix* on location during the filming of *"To the Last Man."*

Barbara La Marr Speaks Up

Barbara La Marr would just like to know who started that story that she had adopted an Italian baby! And on her honeymoon trip to Rome with her husband, Jack Daugherty, too!

"I find my hands full with one baby," explained Miss La Marr, "not to mention a husband."

By the way, Miss La Marr is having a somewhat hectic time due to the fact that Ben Deely, her last husband before Daugherty, is now suing for divorce. Miss La Marr, however, claims that her marriage to Deely had been set aside by a Chicago court, so that in reality she was never married to him.

Barbara, by the way, has bobbed her hair!

Things have certainly become modern when a siren can vamp with short hair!

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Kitchen Door Gossip About Mary Alden

If you are too plump, just use the family rolling pin to roll off the fat. That is the latest procedure, according to Mary Alden. Still, Mary thinks that when your maid does the rolling for you, she may go too far in announcing the fact.

"A friend called me up yesterday," explained Miss Alden. "She seemed puzzled about something. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Why,' said the friend, 'my maid saw your maid yesterday, and your maid said she had to hurry right home because she had to use the rolling pin on you!'"

◈ ◈ ◈

Those Divorce Blues

Monte Blue is divorced from his wife, Irma Gladys Blue. Mrs. Blue obtained the divorce on the grounds of desertion. She fainted at the end of the proceedings, and had to be carried from the court room. It is known that she has always been deeply devoted to her husband.

The marriage and divorce of the pair read like a movie plot. They were married in Michigan, in 1909, when Monte was merely an obscure shipping clerk. They were very happy in those days, she recited. Then they came to Hollywood, Monte got a chance to go into pictures, and almost from the first, he began to be cool to his wife, she says.

Blue has lately been seen much in the company of Miss Dupont.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Sewing Her Way on the Screen

Marian Nixon can be glad she learned to sew so well as a child. As an extra, she put so much pathos into sewing a button on a coat that she was cast as leading lady for Charles Jones in "Big Dan."

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(Continued from page 13)

entire furniture of the room. The man who had brought her there was dressed like a vaquero, and had a handkerchief over his face.

She tried to start up, but the bonds at her ankles prevented her standing up with any certainty, and the man pushed her back into the chair with little more than a touch of his huge hand.

"Why do you bring me here?" she demanded, frightened, in spite of her courage, by his silence, his mask, the strangeness of the room, and, perhaps more than all, by her own impotency. "What right have you to make a prisoner of me? Who is responsible for this?"

WITHOUT answering, the man bent over and unfastened the cord at her ankles, then quickly unbound her arms, and strode from the room, the massive door closing after him with an added sound of heavy bolts drawn that caused her heart to sink.

She did, indeed, leap to her feet ere the man was more than half way across the room, but her muscles had been stiffened by the constrained position she had been kept in, so that, although she tried to reach the door before the man, he had no difficulty in passing out and bolting the door before she was near it.

Nevertheless, she kept on and tried the door, hopeless as the proceeding was. One involuntary cry escaped her lips, but she knew that cries must be useless, and, therefore, suppressed any further sound. For an instant she felt like yielding to her fears. A sudden weakness caused her to half sink to the floor. Then her native resolution came to her aid, and she roused herself.

She looked about her prison to study the chances of escape from it. There were three windows in it, all so high as to be out of her reach from the floor, and all were barred.

It seemed hopeless to try them, but Grace quickly reasoned that it might be well to look out, at least, and to make an effort to locate the place to which she had been taken. So she dragged one of the heavy chairs to a place under one of the windows and climbed up on the back.

Her first swift glance outside revealed the situation to her, and gave her her first inkling of the truth. She was in one of those old monasteries built by the Spaniards in the early centuries of their occupation of California. This was perfectly evident by the character of the surrounding objects she saw, as well as by the commanding situation of the building; for as she looked, her eye traveled far over the country, and she knew that the old fathers always had taken the choice sites for their monasteries.

But the confirmation of her suspicion was the fact that she knew there was a ruined monastery somewhere in the midst of the Morton ranch; and she recalled, now, sinister rumors of the use young Don Morton put it to.

The only definite stories that had been told were to the effect that he had repaired enough of the old building and had converted it from its sacred uses to the requirements of his licentious life. Wild orgies, frantic dancing parties, all-night gambling described the worst things actually told, but there were always suggestive looks, shrugged shoulders and veiled insinuations accompanying what was said openly.

Utter despair seized upon Grace. She understood, now, why Don Morton had accepted her stinging blow without a word. He had plotted this revenge. The dead sheep had been placed in the road to arrest her horse and to occupy her attention while one of his henchmen crept out of his hiding place in the woods to lasso her.

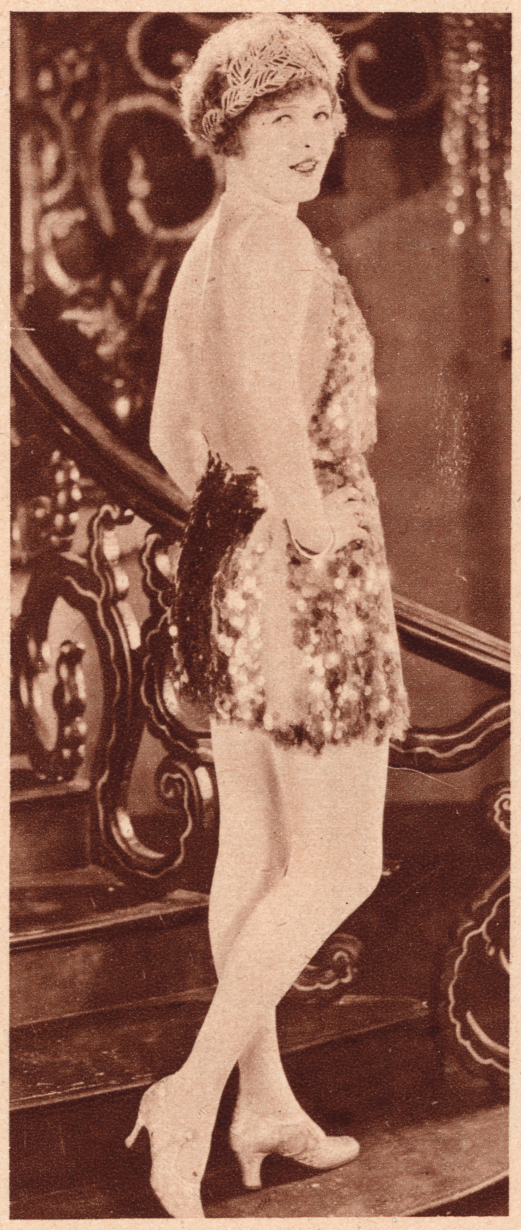
A CHOKING cry of terror broke from her lips. What could she, one girl, do against all those men? She knew their kind; and she had had this experience with them to teach her that they would stop at nothing which they were commanded to do by their young master.

She began to tug at the thick bars as if she thought she could pull them out of their sockets; but the futility of such an effort soon made itself apparent, and she desisted.

Then, too, four mounted men—vaqueros—came suddenly into view, and she watched them in the hope of surmising something to her advantage. One of them led a horse that she recognized at once as Don Morton's splendid stallion, so assuring her that her suspicions were correct.

Despair and terror dominated Grace, and her heart was throbbing painfully; but she realized that she must control herself and be ready for the emergency that might threaten her at any moment.

She sprang down from the chair and paced up and down the end of the room, hands at her temples, as if she would force her brain to concentration. It never occurred to her merely to endure



Phyllis Haver, **adding the charm of her Venus-like beauty to** *"The Temple of Venus."*

the treatment that might be forced upon her. She meant to fight—to free herself, if possible. The worst of it was that she did not know the nature of the evil that hung over her, and the absolute silence oppressed her more than threatening noise.

But the movement up and down calmed her, and it was no small matter to her that she had no hampering skirts on. If only they had left her a weapon! But she had nothing but a small pocket knife that could be almost no service to her.

There was a sudden sound at the door of the bolts being shot back, and she started thither; but before she had gone half across the room the door was thrown open, and Don Morton entered.

He closed the door behind him, laughing sardonically as he did so, his wicked black eyes flaming viciously. Grace stopped short and held herself proudly. All her terror and despair seemed to go as she faced the young libertine. It was as if she felt a superiority to him.

"Well," he said, sneeringly, "how do you feel now? Ready to pay your debts? I've come to collect with interest. You owe me for this," and he raised his finger to his cheek, which was marked by a livid welt where her whip had fallen.

"That was your due; you insulted me," she answered. "If you are wise you will stand aside and let me go unmolested."

HE STEPPED back a pace or two until his back was against the jam of the door. There he rested, with an air of indescribable insolence and menace, his lip curling with a sneering smile.

"You are just the sort of girl I like," he said. "I like your saucy ways, I like your looks, I like your pride, although I mean to tame that before I am done with you."

She shuddered, in spite of herself, at the sinister meaning with which he contrived to imbue his words, but she was more and more in control of herself.

"It is a dangerous thing you are doing," she said. "You cannot keep me here long, and my father is not one to submit calmly to such an injury to me. You may make a prisoner of me, but you cannot subdue me, and the whole country shall ring with the outrage you have subjected me to."

"It is plain you don't know me," he answered, sincerely; "but you shall before we go much further. In the first place, I always pay my debts, and I mean to pay this one," pointing to the mark on his cheek.

The color rushed to her face and then faded away, leaving her white as a ghost. For a moment her knees weakened so that she could hardly stand. Then rage shook her, and if she had had a weapon in her hands she would have shot the man down like a dog.

"I warn you—beware!" she said, huskily, her brown eyes growing black in the intensity of her passion. "I am not a weak girl."

He laughed mockingly, and looked at her with increasing admiration. And she certainly had never looked more lovely than she did then, as, under the influence of hot anger, she stood like Diana, the huntress, threatening him.

"Do you know that you are altogether in my power?" he said. "No one ever comes here. The place has a rather bad name, anyhow. I took a fancy to you at the very first, and, to tell you the truth, I like you better than ever for your spirit. This little lump on my cheek is rather a pleasure than otherwise. I may say, too, that we are quite alone here, and that if you were to scream like one of those sirens some of the steamers have, no one would hear you."

Grace started at his words, and opened her lips to utter a cry, but choked back the words that had formed in her throat, and said with an effort:

"I do not believe you; your men are not so hardened that they would not come if they heard my cries for help."

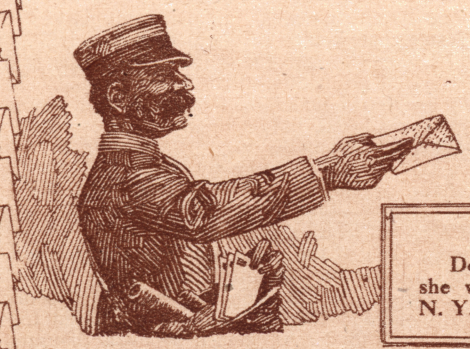
"I don't know about that," he answered, with a chuckle; "but they won't hear you, anyhow, for I've sent them all away. You and I are here alone, my beauty. By the gods! you are a beauty! And, when I have tamed you, you shall go traveling with me. I shall be proud to show you off. Oh, don't count on your father looking for you and finding you, I've provided for that very cleverly. He shall think you've run away of your own accord. And now, since we understand each other, I am going to have the kiss I was cheated out of."

He started toward her, and Grace, with heaving bosom and glittering eyes, watched him. She had been thinking with a rapidity that she never before had dreamed of. She measured him with her eye as he came toward her, calculating his strength. It was her opportunity. What could she make of it?

She did not shrink from him; she did not move aside or run away. She stood quite still, her eyes fixed on him in a way that made him uneasy. He could have understood better if she had cried out or betrayed fear.

When he was within a yard of her, his arms

(Continued on page 27)



Eugene O'Brien Returns to the Screen!

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

AN ETHEL CLAYTON ADMIRER—Who answers questions when I am on a vacation? Unfortunately, no one does. I have to answer them in advance! Ethel was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1893. So far as I know, that is her real name—except that her married name is Kaufman. She has never made public her home address; the only way I know of to reach her is Powers Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. She has red gold hair; no, it is not bobbed. I don't think she has made any pictures since "Can a Woman Love Twice?"

AN INQUISITIVE ROMEO—So Movie Weekly thrills you to your spinal cord? Well, isn't it fine to be able to get a thrill once a week for only ten cents! Charlie Chaplin is five feet four and is thirty-four years old. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight; he has played in pictures since 1914. Doug Fairbanks used to be an acrobat on the stage before he went into pictures. He is thirty-nine. George O'Hara is five feet eight. He doesn't give his age. No, William Duncan isn't making pictures at present.

ALMIRA ADAMS—So you think I am at least a general? Is that because I conduct a general delivery department—general delivery of answers? The cast of "In the Palace of the King" is too long to publish, but the leading roles are played by Blanche Sweet as Dolores, Edmund Lowe as Don John, Pauline Starke as Inez, Hobart Bosworth as Mendoza, and Sam De Grasse as the king.

L. E. A.—Would I mind your writing again? Why, I should die of a broken heart if you didn't. Barbara La Marr's address is care of Samuel Goldwyn, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Thomas Meighan can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Rudolph Valentino lives at 50 W. 67th St., New York. Write Reginald Denny, Universal City, Cal.

PATTIE HAROLD—Ah, an old friend returning to the fold—I mean the column. Well, I've good news for the Eugene O'Brien fans; Eugene is to return to the screen after playing only on the stage for several years. He has been engaged to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Secrets." You bet I will ask my friends to join your Alice Calhoun Club, Box 35, Hollywood. In fact, my friends are hereby asked.

THE SUB-DEB—Do I think it vulgar when people address me as "Dear Colonel?" How else could fans address letters to me? Besides, I never think any more than I have to. No, Gareth Hughes is not married. He is twenty-five. No, I have never visited Rochester. Have I missed much?

BETTY—I didn't answer your questions very quickly, did I? But you know the old formula for getting quick action—send a stamped, addressed envelope. Mahlon Hamilton doesn't give his age; he is about thirty-five. His address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

IRENE—No, indeed, I don't mind answering your questions. I'm yours for service! Write to Ramon Novarro for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and to Agnes Ayres, Lasky Studio—see above. It is a courtesy to send postage.

Jackie accepts the sceptre in "Long Live the King."

CONSTANCE MARIE—Now if that were only Constant Marie! No, Richard Talmadge is not related to the famous sisters. His real name, in fact, is Metzetti. Natalie Talmadge is about twenty-five. Anita Stewart uses her real name. She doesn't give her age.

A LOVER OF MOVIE WEEKLY—Write to Preferred Pictures Corp., 3800 Mission Road, Hollywood, for information as to what titles they purchased. It was not a contest, as Movie Weekly stated plainly when the article was published, but merely an offer to buy whatever titles pleased them.

A. P. I.—I'm sorry to report that Joseph Schildkraut is married. His wife is an actress named Elise Bartlett. He is twenty-seven. Yes, it was he who played in "Orphans of the Storm"; he is now working at the Talmadge Studios at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, in "Dust of Desire."

SMART BELLE—Of course I won't think your letter is a love letter. Don't you suppose I know a love letter when I see it—at my age! No, I can't say that I remember you as the girl who fell for Harrison Ford. You don't flatter your ideal when you imply that you're the only girl who has fallen for him! It takes about six weeks, more or less, for an answer to be published—it depends on how long a waiting list of letters I have. The judge in "Slander the Woman" was played by Lewis Dayton. I'm sorry, but I have never heard of him either before or since. Write him at First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

ONE OF RICHARD DIX'S ADMIRERS—Well, of all the wild reports circulated about Hollywood screen stars, the one you mention is certainly the wildest. Richard Dix the son of Francis X. Bushman! How old do you think poor Francis X. is? No, I think that report you heard is just another good rumor gone wrong.

BULL NEVADA—So Montana isn't the only state that bulls come from? No, Roy Stewart is not related to Anita. Eric Von Stroheim has been making another picture for the past six months. It is called "Greed." I don't recall any of Edgar Franklin's stories on the screen lately. Pearl White is appearing in a cabaret in Paris; she is going to make a picture in France called "Terror."

TENNESSEE ROSEBUD—Well, if Georgia can have its peaches, there's no reason why Tennessee shouldn't have its rosebuds. Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill. Write him at Universal City, Cal. I don't happen to know his age. No, visitors are not allowed in the studios, as it interferes too much with the work. It distracts the actors' attention from what they are doing, and besides that, outsiders ignorant of studios would always be walking unawares into a scene that was being shot, or upsetting knick-knacks and furniture on the set.

KING TUT—Tut, tut, here you are again! No, Richard Dix has never been married. He is twenty-nine years old. "The Light That Failed" is Sigrid Holmquist's latest picture.

MISS MARTHA REGAN—Yes, Miss Martha, Rudolph is returning to the screen as soon as his present contract permits him to. Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Jane Novak's latest picture is "Jealous Husbands."

KAGHEE—No, Ramon Novarro is not married—though it isn't for lack of opportunity. He is twenty-four years old. Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

HATTON'S FAN—What does Hatton want with a fan this kind of weather? Raymond Hatton's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. He weighs 140 pounds. He doesn't give his age. Forrest Stanley has blue eyes.

FRENCHY—Art Acord certainly has a staunch admirer in you. He is divorced from Edith Sterling. He is thirty-three years old. His address is Universal City, Cal.

Sincerely Yours,
The Colonel

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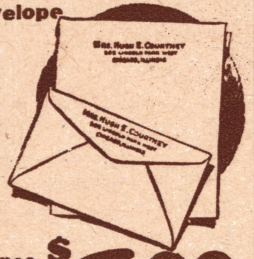

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The Secret Story of My Life in the Studios

(*Continued from page 9*)

his face for being blinded. Ah, Clemence . . . "easily" . . .

"It hasn't been easy," I said harshly. "It hasn't been easy at all, for you or for me. It's got to come now. It's only fair." I threw out my arms in a sort of a largesse of anticipation. "It's all going to come now!" I cried. "Like great ships laden. It's coming now, right now . . . jewels and motor cars and town and country houses . . . maids and butlers and praise and adulation . . . I know it . . . I know it!"

"Honey," mother leaned toward me anxiously. "Is Mr. ————," (naming my director), "in love with you?"

I laughed. "He's in love with every woman," I said cynically. "That's what makes him a great director."

MOTHER rose from the table. "You're being silly," she said. "Come into the other room and let's talk sense. Shall we keep this apartment or not? Have you any idea how long we are to be gone? And then you had better tell me what of your clothes you want packed and what cleaned and so on . . ."

"When I'm a star, I'll have a personal maid," I said dreamily. "Then you won't have to do any of this, mother darling."

"Well, you're not a star yet," mother said with some severity, "and I hope I'll always have something to do. Goodness knows, I believe I always shall if your mail keeps on like it has since that last picture was released."

Mother and I walked down the hall to my bedroom. We had never been so happy as we had been here. And it had only been six months . . . still . . . I looked about me and sensed that it was only another stepping stone. . . . I said so to Mother.

"I don't see why we have to have a bigger and finer apartment, even if they do give you lead parts or starring parts," Mother said. "That's the trouble with the movies, it seems to me. Too much of this overdoing. Why can't we stay here as we are, and if there's such a terrible surplus of money as you seem to be actually spending in your own mind, we can bank it like sensible folks."

"We have to keep up appearances," I said. "You know how ———— lives and . . . and all the other girls high up."

"Yes, I've *heard* how they live," Mother said grimly.

"Well, it's all a part of getting there."

Mother began to haul my things out of closets and hat boxes, and I sat looking about me contemplatively.

By the time I was ready to go to bed, I had decided to sell the furniture we had bought for what I could get for it. I wanted MORE. I wanted things nearer to what I had seen in ————'s apartment, the night I had gone there for dinner. I wanted to give dinner parties in my own home. . . . Having got so much, it still was not enough. I knew that we would never come back.

We never did come back. In more ways than one.

The week after I knew that we were to go to California, we were on our way. I bought more gowns and hats and shoes that week than I had bought before in the whole course of my life. The directors and my nice friend, the assistant director, made mysterious and semi-mysterious allusions to "great things in store for me." I felt myself, already, a person of importance. The atmosphere of the whole studio was subtly charged. People began to treat me with the curious respect they had previously made me envious with by according only the stars. "You're a comer," one of the girls in our cast said to me. "Your name will be on Broadway in electrics in no time."

"You're getting there," the wise old "character woman" told me, "but don't lose your head, honey. That's the trouble with most of the girls, boys, too. They get this mushroom success almost overnight, and when they wake up in the morning their heads are so swelled they can't get their new Spring hats on."

"Oh, I won't," I said. "I appreciate the fact that I have very far to go."

That wise, experienced woman shook her head, and said something that I had never heard said before, and have never heard since: "No," she said, "you haven't 'far to go.' That's just it. That's just the trouble with all you pretty young things. You've got your name in electrics, limousines, French maids, fan mail and flattery to go. After that, you're through—legitimately."

There was something in the way she said that word "legitimately" that I didn't like. I don't know that I understood the precise meaning of it thus employed, but I knew that she meant something portentous by it.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, with a shade of indignation.

Mrs. ———— looked at me very keenly. "Most of you can't stand this truth when you've gone even so far," she said, shaking her head, "and it's no wonder. Pretty as you are. Popular as you are. Poor as you have been, dirt-poor, most of you, and then swine-rich. Flattered to death. Pursued to death. Gaped at by a thousand eyes every time one of your useless little feet hit a pavement. No, it's no wonder."

"But what did you mean," I persisted, "by the use of that word 'legitimate?' I think you meant something horrid."

"I did," the well-known and well-beloved character woman said. "I said that after wealth and fame and flattery, the most of you haven't far to go. There are two or three among you girls and boys who are artists. Only two or three. The rest of you are actresses and actors. Actresses and actors on the screen and off. The most of you are the children of poor, ignorant parents or, at most, children of humble enough beginnings. After you have had the applause of the world and worshipped your own images on every other page of every other magazine and newspaper devoted to the Screen, and spent all the money you can manage to drivel away, there is no new sensation left for you. You are paper dollars. Shadows. Without substance. You are urged on and on and on by the desire for new stimulation. Some of you turn to men. Not many. Some to drinking and general hitting of the dangerous high spots. Some to drugs."

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" I said.

Mrs. ———— nodded her graying head. "I've seen 'em come and go," she said. "I don't mean that there are many who go so far as that, but even the minority should warn the few. You see, you're not in love with any man. You've no home, properly your own. You'll probably never have any children. You lack the safe, substantial, hearthstone things that make a woman solid and dependable, and a man substantial and reliable. You're dipping drenched white hands into the foam. Under your pretty feet the sands are golden, but they shift . . . and shift . . . you haven't got an anchor . . . you're not even in love . . ."

"Oh, yes, I am!" I found myself saying. It was the first impulsive, spontaneous thing I had said in months.

"You are? I didn't know . . ."

"I didn't either . . . until just now . . . he was a boy I used to know . . . back home . . . we were awfully crazy about each other, he and I. But we were kids. I . . . I went to his sister one day and she had had a lot of children and was awfully poor . . . and looked dragged and homely and scraggly. But mostly, mostly I wanted to be a movie star. I knew that I couldn't be one if I married him. He'd have meant the giving up of my chance, my dream . . . and so I . . ."

"You told him to go away?" he greying woman said.

"Yes."

"Well," Mrs. ———— rose and smoothed down the apron she was wearing for her role of a mountaineer mother; "well, I did that same thing, my dear. Many years ago. Since that time I've played a hundred, hundred mothers . . . on the Screen. I've borne and nursed and suffered over . . . shadows. It doesn't pay. Dollars can't assuage nature. Shadows cannot compensate for substance. I think you have a great career before you, a great *cinema* career, mind you. If you keep away from the lighter element and work hard and preserve your really great beauty, you will be one of the favorites in the films in a year's time. But if you can find that boy you sent away . . . I advise you to do so."

I stood and watched her long after she had gone over to her set. She was doing a scene wherein she bent over a cradle and fondled a grown man's coat, remembering the time when the grown man had been her little son. I felt choked up.

"Pshaw," I muttered to myself. "She's just a great actress, that's all. Everyone says so."

"What was Mother ———— saying to you?" my director asked when I strolled over in the direction of the set where I was to appear later on.

"Oh, nothing!" I said.

"Well, don't get sentimental," he advised.

AT THE end of the week we were en route for California. Before I left I arranged with Miss ————, my first press agent, to carry on for me in the East. As she had completed my manufactured personality nicely, I thought it would be safest in her hands. She had also about completed my pose for me, the things I was to say and the things I was not to say, the magazines I should be eager to give interviews to and the magazines I should be a bit indifferent about, the interviewers and members of the press who could be most helpful to me in my career. She also suggested that I adopt a certain "type" of dress for the time being and, if possible, acquire a slight accent. This, be it said to my credit, I refused to do. I told her I could never get away with it.

"I can't talk when I'm in the 'Silent Drama,'" I laughed, "and when I do get a chance to shoot off my face, I want to be able to do it naturally."

"Well, all right," she conceded, "but don't use any slang, for goodness' sake! The interviewers pan a star, or an actress, who uses slang, something terrible. Not long ago a client of mine nearly passed out of the pictures because some interviewer or other informed the Public that she was addicted to the use of a spitoon. You have to be frightfully cautious without appearing to be so. Honestly, dear, it's as hard work off the Screen as it is on, until you finally get there. Above all, keep away from too many parties and shindigs. The more you maintain a certain veil of mystery, the longer you'll last."

We had a wonderful trip out. Our director had his own private stock with him and the star of our next picture was (and is) one of the really good sports of the profession. The leading man was a peach, too, and the villyun was the mildest, funniest man I've ever met. One of the dear old ladies of the Screen was with us, and she and Mother knitted and talked while the great Transcontinental sped across country.

Prairies . . . mountains . . . the cornfields of Kansas . . . the shifting panorama excited me . . . gave me exalted senses of power and speed . . . I felt as though I were on a magic carpet looking down upon a world more than half mine . . . The director was constantly encouraging to me . . . And he talked common sense. He told me what I could do and could not do, wherein lay my appeal and power, how best to use them both.

"Failure," he said, "is easy to stand. It doesn't much harm a woman nor even a man. But Success! Success is a heady drug. You have to be good stuff to hold your own under it. You have to keep your head. You have to hold on to your head. Don't lose yours!"

"I won't," I promised. But, of course, I didn't keep my promise. (*Continued next week*)

Honeymooning in Venice With Barbara LaMarr

(*Continued from page* 10)

heels all ruined, and we leaped into our carriage——"

"I still speaking Italian to the driver!" Jack grinned.

"We both did!" said Barbara. "We had to! The chap who built that Coliseum had brains. He made it round, and so we got away from the guards!"

"Then there was that wondrous night on the water at Anzio—you tell it, Barbara!"

Both stopped to laugh.

"Oh, it was wonderful and moonlight. We found some singers—two men with guitars and a woman with a baby—and had them take us out in their boat. But the baby got the whooping cough and the woman got seasick—and, oh, well, that wasn't so good!"

"But there was Venice—perfect Venice!" crooned Barbara, going over to her husband to slip him a small kiss.

"Oh, grand! The canal—in the moonlight—with a lover!"

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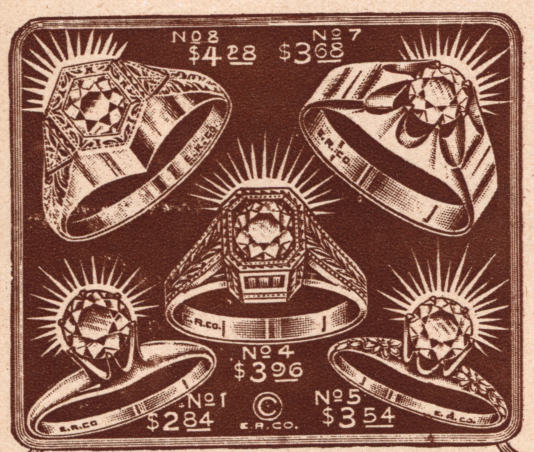

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After the Clouds Roll By

(*Continued from page 9*)

"It is perfect, dearest," he said, after a while. "And so is everything else. Would you ever believe that things could take such a sudden turn for the best—in less than twenty-four hours? Terry's safe return home—your Dad's good fortune—the sudden plans for our marriage, agreed to all 'round—— Gosh, it all came so suddenly that even yet I haven't the whole business straightened out! I couldn't get Terry's story at all—not after Judkins came in with the astounding news that your father was getting that five thousand dollar reward for capturing those two bandits! Why, it sounds just like a book, the whole thing! And to top it all, the O'Briens discover that one of the bandits is no less a person than Brady, alias Blake, the man whom they took into their house to live with them—and then, to have him confess further, that he is Mrs. Brady's son—the old widow's runaway boy! And, on top of that—you find out that he is also one of the two men who held up Terry yesterday afternoon! Whew! Is it any wonder that I can't get the whole thing straight? Who could, I'd like to know?"

"Well, Terry's tale wasn't so hard to follow. It's simply this: He fell from the train with the bandit who had the mail-sack——" she shuddered. "How terrible that was—poor, darling Terry—and then there was a fight in the water. It must have been awful! Did you see that gash over his eye? Then Terry got off with the mail-sack, and swam ashore, while the other fellow, realizing he was beaten, I suppose, made for the opposite shore. Terry stopped at the first house he saw, when he reached shore, and asked the man how long it would take to run him back to Sikestown. He explained that there was no train running back until much later, and he couldn't wait for it. He also explained why he *had* to get back. The man looked at Terry's badge, and packed him into his neighbor's funny, little old car, and that's how Terry got home. In the meantime, Mother and I were watching Dad, who had been brought home unconscious early in the evening. We were half-crazy with worry and grief. First, Terry missing, and that awful report about him in the paper and then Dad brought home all battered up—well, it's a wonder that Mother didn't collapse——"

"Gosh, it *was* awful——"

"Then Mr. Judkins came in with the news that the two bandits had confessed everything down at Police Headquarters, and they had proven to be the same ones who had held up Terry that afternoon—and one of them was Brady—well, you know *that* part——"

Tom nodded.

"MR. JUDKINS said they were notorious crooks, and that there was a reward of five thousand dollars out for their capture. That meant nothing to us then—not with Dad lying there so white and still. Why, he was even too the now famous Lila Lee. Could they have liked her just as well as Gussie?

"Yes—a lot of father's stuff was in the wrecked safe, though it all remained intact. He was notified at once, and told all the details about your Dad and all, and then we rushed right over——"

"Then you remember how Terry suddenly burst in—all wide-eyed and mussed up, with that huge mail-sack over his back, and mother saw him and——"

Peggy stopped abruptly. A sudden tightening in her throat prevented further speech.

Tom held her close.

"Forget all that, dearest. It's over and settled, thank God! It's a regular '—and they all lived happily ever after' affair, isn't it?"

Peggy nodded.

"And," continued Tom, "what I liked was the way my mother suddenly got up, after Judkins and the doctor had left, and said, 'Well, let's talk about our Peggy and Tommy, now.' Gosh, that was great stuff! Remember how excited everybody was, then? And now tell me, onliest darling what's happening ten days from today——"

Peggy's eyes shone. Little imps of mischief danced around in them. She wrinkled her brow in an effort to recall something which she pretended to have slipped her memory.

"Now, let me see—— Why, of course! Unless I have my dates mixed, ten days from today you're to become—Mr. Peggy O'Brien!"

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The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(Continued from page 22)

outspread as if to encircle her, she sprang not away, but toward him, caught him under his arms and with a movement as swift as it was unexpected, turned her supple body, caught him on her hip, and flung him with all her force on the paved floor.

His hold on her was broken by the force of the throw, but he was not hurt—only enraged beyond conception by what had happened. He scrambled to his feet with a horrible oath, but Grace had lost no time. Already she was at the door, which she pulled open.

CHAPTER V

Her Whip and Rifle

DON MORTON was after her, his face convulsed with rage; but Grace had time to dart through, close the door and shoot a bolt before her pursuer could touch the door.

Once in safety, it seemed for a moment as if her strength would desert her; but the sudden thought that he might have lied to her in saying there was no one in the house but themselves, forced her to recover herself. She shot all the bolts into their sockets, while her prisoner cursed and threatened and kicked.

The door secured, Grace looked fearfully around her, and found that she was in the main hall of the monastery, and quite alone. On a table lay her whip and her rifle. She took up both with a little cry of joy.

Her first act, almost instinctive, was to examine the magazine of the rifle in order to see if it had been tampered with. No! It was full of cartridges, and one reposed in its place in the barrel. She pulled back the hammer with a snap. She was ready now.

Not fearfully any longer, but with a firm step, she went to the doors that opened into the hall and threw them open. The rooms were empty and silent. The only sound in the whole place was that of the man cursing and kicking at the door that she had bolted.

She felt that there was no need to search in the place. Don Morton's boast that it was empty, and the whole atmosphere of her surroundings, convinced her that she had nothing to fear. She had only to find her mare.

She went out by a door that was evidently the only one in use, and took a deep breath of the free, pure air. It seemed to her that never before had it had such a flavor! And the sunshine was surely warmer and more joyous!

The stallion stood under the pepper tree, pawing the earth, and at the sight of her it neighed loudly. At least there stood the means of her escape from the hateful place, but she wanted her own little mare. She went around the building, retracing the way the vaqueros had come with the stallion.

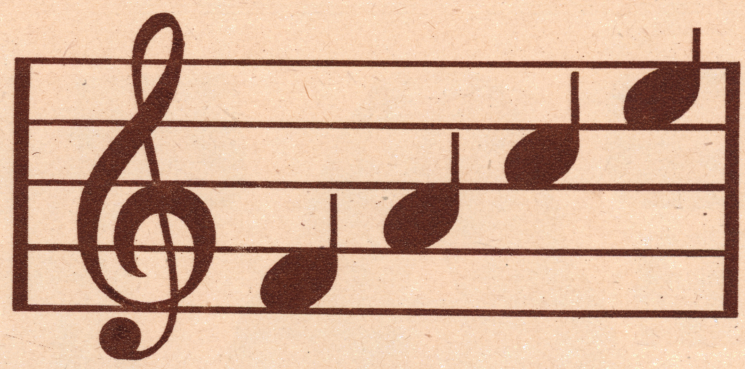
In a building evidently used for stables she found the mare, unsaddled, and quite comfortable, at a manger filled with alfalfa grass. Grace cried aloud in her joy at finding her favorite, and at once threw the saddle on and cinched it firmly; then put on the bridle and led the mare out.

She sprang into the saddle and rode toward the entrance. The stallion and the mare giving each other answering cries, gave her a new thought. She jumped off the mare, readjusted the length of the stirrup leathers on the stallion, untied the restive animal, and mounted. She would lead the mare until she was off the ranch, so as to keep her as fresh as possible.

As she rode away in this fashion, something prompted her to look back, and there, at the same wnidow from which she had looked out, filled with despair, she could see the face of the wretch who had deserted her to such an awful fate.

SOMETHING like a cry or an oath fell faintly on her ears, but she gave no heed to it, and rode swiftly away. While she rode the stallion, no one could overtake her; while she held that ready rifle, no one well could capture her.

Grace scanned the country as she rode, knowing that her main concern, until she was fairly off the ranch, was with the four vaqueros who had ridden away from the monastery. They were nowhere in sight, but that might be accounted for by their being hidden in one of the many hollows formed by the rolling country.



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The first note shown above is F. Whether you are singing from notes, playing the piano or banjo or any other musical instrument, that note in the first space is always F. The four notes indicated are F, A, C, E, easy to remember because they spell the word "face." Certain strings on the mandolin, certain keys on the piano, represent these same notes—and once you learn them, playing melodies on the instrument is largely a matter of following the notes.

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How far they were ahead of her would be determined by the speed with which they had gone; but she did not like to move slowly, and therefore maintained a good pace, trusting to the habit of the vaquero of riding recklessly.

She was beginning to think she would escape without any encounter with them when, just as she emerged upon the top of a hill, she saw them riding almost at right angles with her, their backs to her.

The forest was about three hundred yards from where she was, and the entrance to it seemingly about the same distance from them. If she could reach it without being seen, she would be safe. She formed her resolution quickly, and turned her horses back to retire into the shelter of the arroyo. But a glance at the men as she did so showed her that they had seen her, and were staring at her in amazement.

There was nothing to do now but to make for the road through the forest. If she had been willing to throw the mare loose, she could have beaten the men without difficulty on the stallion, but she realized that too late, and she checked herself in the furious race down the hill, undetermined what to do until she saw the men snatch up their lassos. They evidently meant to recapture her as they had originally taken her captive.

(*Continued next week*)

Big Picture Mania Closes Studios Doors

(*Continued from page* 5)

truly big pictures handled in a big way, it is provoking to watch the obvious efforts of some directors when they invent artificial situations simply to give the impression that they have done something "big."

In other words, this movement is not a curtailment of producion; it is a curtailment of unnecessary and excessive expense, and it will benefit the million of film fans as well as the industry itself.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

successfully cover up the fact that there is a very poor story in "The Country Kid."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

"THE VIRGINIAN"

A Westerner with No Red Blood

A Preferred Picture, with a cast composed of Kenneth Harlan, Florence Vidor, Russell Simpson, Pat O'Malley, Raymond Hatton, Milton Ross, Sam Allen, Bertram Hadley and John Steppling. Directed by Tom Forman.

When producers go in for stories of the unlawful West of bygone years, let them stick to the old-time stuff and make 'em wild and woolly without reservations. We are sure the film public likes the Western stories "done up brown," with plenty of wild rides and a few Bill Hart gun tricks. We know we enjoy an occasional picture of this sort. It has pep and punch and it is not hard to convinceoneself that things of this sort did happen in those days. It is history.

In filming "The Virginian," we imagine the producers thought, "The public does not want any old stuff. Melodramatic scenes are the bunk. We'll make a different sort of Western story, with plenty of human interest and heart interest." But, neither the human interest nor the heart interest gets across. We only know we longed to see some real American cowboy stunts. There were plenty of gorgeous scenes of hills and plains which would have been a fitting background for this sort of picture. If the development of art in the movies means that all the red blood is going to be extracted from the good old Western drama, then let producers leave stories of this kind alone.

"The Virginian" is adapted from the book, and they tell us the book was a success. The story seemed so simple—that of the love of a rough cowboy for a little New England school teacher—and it took an exasperating number of reels to tell it.

Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor do fairly good work, but we suppose the slowness of the picture had its effect on them, too.

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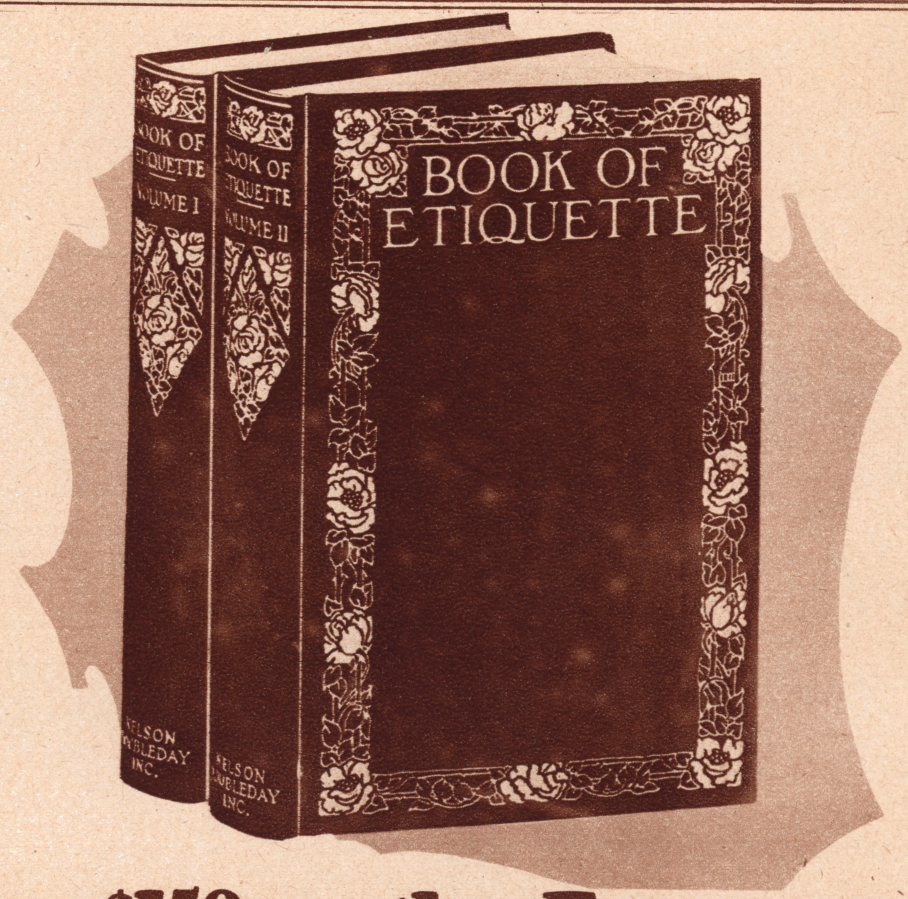

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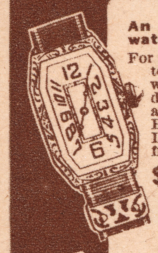

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Home Movies Threaten Movie Houses

(*Continued from page 7*)

screening purposes. But, usually, after the first few advertisements of these machines we hear nothing more about them in a way calculated to bring them to the general attention of movie fans. Perhaps we have been contented to believe that the machines were not efficient, or that the fans did not take kindly to the idea of putting on their own picture entertainment.

But, did you ever stop to think that perhaps some invisible force might be responsible for the unpopularity of the projection machine that brings the stars and their stories into the family circle via the silver sheet? Naturally, moving picture theatre owners do not court competition of home-screened movies. For this reason they may have bought out the patents and kept these machines out of the public market. There is no way to prove or disprove this idea at present. But, in view of Dr. Riesenfeld's declarations it would seem that one great exhibitor, at least, had the courage to admit the possible coming of home-screened pictures!

Why the Screen Stars Change Their Names

(*Continued from page 11*)

And then there was one young miss who aspired to screen fame, who had been christened with the name of Gussie Appel. Such a cognomen, it was easy to see, could never be becomingly lit by electric lights. And so the fans were introduced to the now famous ila ee. Could they have liked her just as well as Gussie?

Then there's Theda Bara. That's a smoothly sounding name that trips lightly off the tongue; but suppose Theda had tried to become equally famous as Theodosia Goodman? She might have succeeded, but she would have been handicapped.

Consider also the famous Flugrath sisters. Flugrath is a hard name to pronounce—and also to remember. Those two faults are almost fatal to the budding screen or stage aspirant. And so one Flugrath sister became officially Viola Dana, and the other called herself Shirley Mason.

Some stars' real names, of course, are so foreign and unpronounceable that they are altogether impracticable for screen purposes. In spite of Valentino's charm, for instance, even his most devoted admirers would find themselves handicapped if they were obliged to refer to him as Rodolfo dei Marchesi Guglielmi. And Ramon Novarro found Sameniegos too much of a mouthful for our American tongues. Likewise is it any wonder that Signe Auen should have called herself Seena Owen?

CHIT CHAT About the Stars

Miriam Cooper, offset in the making of "The Broken Wing," at the Preferred Studio, told us a good one on herself recently.

"The other day at an afternoon tea." said Miriam, "I was introduced to a pompous woman of the type who likes to impress everyone with her importance. And at once started to impress me.

"'Oh,' she said importantly, 'I am well acquainted with a namesake of your who is in pictures.'

"I, of course, expressed my surprise and murmured something about not knowing there was another Miriam Cooper in the same line of work.

"The majestic lady smiled tolerantly. 'Oh, but, my dear,' she explained with condescension, 'the Miriam Cooper I know is not an extra. She is featured in big productions.'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

George Summerville, usually known as Slim, has offered a reward for information as to the identity of the person or persons who washed his Chevrolet coupe. It never before had had a bath since he bought it eighteen months ago, and Slim is most indignant about it. No longer can he glance down the street at the line of cars and tell at a glance which is his.

Fred Kley, the Fox business manager, is keeping mum; but he doesn't mind letting us in on the secret that he ordered the ablution himself—in the interest of humanity.

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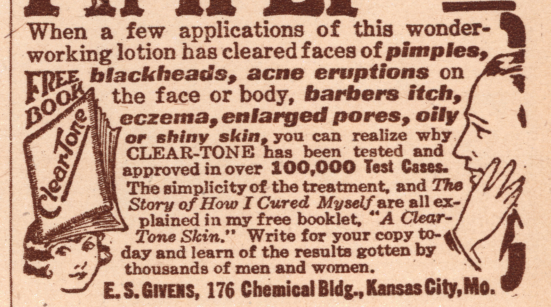

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Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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